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CHRONICLES OF CULTURE

LETTERS & ARTS MORALS & MANNERS

Samuel T. Francis
Jay Mechling
Doug Ramsey
Richard Staar

The Sword of the State

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CHRONICLES OF
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THE SWORD OF THE STATE

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CONTENTS

Leopold Tyrmand, 1920-1985 4

PERSPECTIVE

. . . Who Help Themselves 6

Surrendering their traditional responsibilities, community, family, and individual have almost disappeared into the bar-code data on Federal forms.

by Thomas Fleming

OPINIONS

Progressive Pilgrim 8

—Martin E. Marty: *Pilgrims in Their Own Land: 500 Years of Religion in America*
The creed of Republican piety espoused by Madison and Lincoln may be unraveling, but American religion is still alive, well, and in holy ferment.

by Jay Mechling

Twentieth Century Fox 11

—William R. Keylor: *The Twentieth Century World: An International History*
—Bernadotte E. Schmitt and Harold C. Vedeler: *The World in the Crucible, 1914-1919*
Lying with the dead in the trenches of World War I was everything that resisted assimilation into modern bureaucratic and managerial strategies.

by Samuel Francis

Criminal Commonplaces 14

—*American Violence & Public Policy*; Edited by Lynn A. Curtis
There is nothing wrong with America's criminal justice system that King Al-Saud couldn't fix.

by C. P. Dragash

Men of Parts 18

—*A Southern Renascence Man: Views of Robert Penn Warren*; Edited by Walter B. Edgar
—*Selected Essays of John Crowe Ransom*; Edited by Thomas Daniel Young and John Hindle
The South—land of moonshine, stock-car racing, cock fights, and rednecks—has been home for many of this century's most accomplished poets and men of letters.

by David Hallman

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Breast-Beating and Myth-Exploding 20

—*Arms Control: Myth Versus Reality*; Edited by Richard Staar
—I. M. Destler, Leslie H. Gelb, and Anthony Lake: *Our Own Worst Enemy: The Unmaking of American Foreign Policy*
Ever since JFK, settling fights between the State Department and the White House has been almost as tricky as dealing with the Soviets.

by John S. Monagan

VIEWS

East-West Talks in Vienna 22

The experiences of a former arms negotiator confirm the wisdom of the late "Scoop" Jackson's maxim: "I trust the Soviets as far as I can throw a battleship."

by Richard Staar

VITAL SIGNS

TELEVISION

Small Screen Saga: *The Jewel in the Crown* by Shehbaz Safrani 31

MUSIC

The Uses of Tradition by Doug A. Ramsey 32
Within the Tradition 34

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On Subversion at the NEH by John Agresto
Mr. Kostelanetz Replies 35

AMERICAN PROSCENIUM

How Darwinists and teenagers are eliminating themselves from the gene pool and why George Kennan should. 36

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

William Bennett dodges crossfire at the NEH and comes up a winner, while the NEA continues to live down to its reputation. 39

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From North Carolina by John Shelton Reed 40

TYPEFACES

Magnum Magazines 42
Up against the wall, America! There's a new breed determined to survive the millennium.

BOOKSHELVES

COMMENDABLES

Peculiar Progressivism: *Slavery and Human Progress* by Clyde Wilson 26
Gnostic Cancer: *Essays on Christianity and Political Philosophy* by Neil G. Barclay
Making Do: *The Practice of Everyday Life*
Britain's Right Lady: *Margaret Thatcher: A Personal and Political Biography* 27

IN FOCUS

Discount Fiction: *Second Marriage* by Brian Murray 28
Digging Up the Dirt: *Disclosing the Past* by Robert Eckhardt
Wishful Thinking: A *Country Worth Saving!* 29
Aborted and Full-Term Thinking: *Abortion: Understanding Differences*

WASTE OF MONEY

Cheap Shots: *The American Pope* by Phyllis Zagano 30
Allegory of Hate: *Snow* by Stephen Hayward

DEPARTMENTS

INTERVIEW

Preventing Crime; A Conversation With Paul J. Lavrakas 16

REVISIONS

Alchemy: *The Periodic Table* 13
Love of Life: *Biophilia* 38
The Raven of the Writing Desk: *Poetry and Tales, Essays and Reviews* 41

LIBERAL ARTS

Closet to Classroom 17
Apostasy Without Tears 32

IN THE MAIL 10, 26

SOCIAL REGISTER 30

A PRUDENT PROGRESSIVE 43

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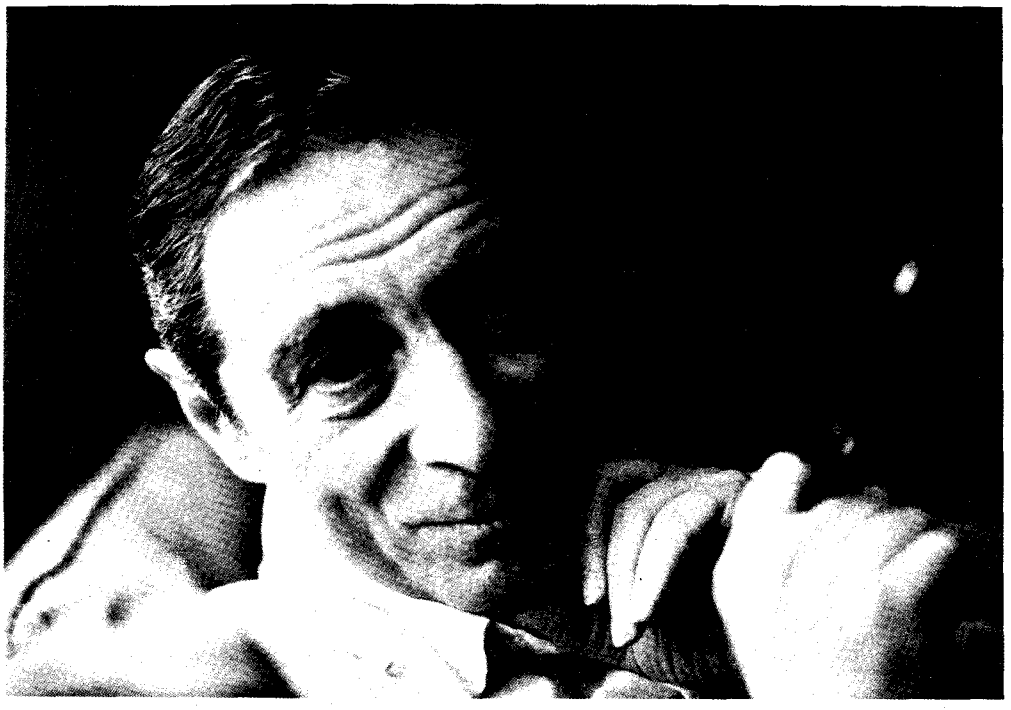

LEOPOLD TYRMAND, 1920-1985
Reflections on the Rewarding Life

Pastor Richard Neuhaus, director of The Rockford Institute's Center on Religion & Society, delivered this eulogy at a memorial service held in honor of Leopold Tyrmand in New York City on March 22nd.

I am honored by the invitation to reflect with you on the life of our friend and colleague Leopold Tyrmand. There are those here who knew Leopold longer and better than I. But in the last several years I came to know him well enough that I am not surprised by the remark of one journalist who, upon learning of Leopold's death, said, "Until I met Leopold Tyrmand I could not have imagined the existence of such a mind."

A remarkable mind he was, but Leopold was much more than mind. Ideas and words were his matrix and his medium, but his project was nothing less than living well. Speaking to the Philadelphia Society two years ago next month, Leopold surveyed, in his inimitable style, the wreckage of what he insistently called "liberal culture," and he asked the inevitable question, "What is to be done?" "My answer would be," he said, "first, refurbish our prescription for how to live a rewarding life." How to live the rewarding life—it was this that Leopold sought to understand, to communicate, and to exemplify.

Leopold's life was marked by driving moral vision and by whimsy; by sardonic humor and by rage. He cared enough about others to be outraged that they cared so little about themselves and what they were doing to themselves. Under the totalitarianism of the Nazis and then of the Soviets, he had been schooled in the fragility of those things that make for the rewarding life. Because he had been at the margins of life he had come to understand what is at the center of life. He was outraged by a culture that not only did not see that the center was not holding but took adolescent delight in its collapse.

Leopold's outrage was gentled by those who centered his own life. Above all, Mary Ellen and a marriage that he once described, paraphrasing the Apostle Paul, as a gift to one born out of time. And the children. John Howard tells me this was usually Leopold's first news of the day, some new thing the children had done. If Rebecca had made some dramatic gesture for the first time, it was sure evidence that she is a budding Sarah Bernhardt. Matthew's athletic leap from the sofa was certain portent of his future fame as an Olympic champion. For the children, most of all, Leopold did not live as long as he should have. But we may pray that he watches over them still, and will see them realize the immensity of the hope that he invested in them. And as their mother will make sure they never forget, he leaves to them a legacy beyond earthly riches, the knowledge of a father who sought to exemplify the rewarding life.

Leopold's life was centered also by friendship. I know only in small part all the years and all the labors that John Howard and others here shared with Leopold in The Rockford Institute. The planning and the dreaming, the disappointments and the triumphs; in this moment you can in memory touch upon the velvet times of accord and the burlap times of disagreement, and it is all the texture of a rewarding life that you were graced to share, and I, in small part, with you. It seemed to me that for Leopold friendship was less a matter of sentiment than of companionship in a great cause. Nobody ever claimed that Leopold was the easiest person in the world to work with. Truth to tell, not many people ever accused Leopold of being excessively modest. But at the core of his being was a modesty more important than the modesty of demeanor. Leopold's modesty was in his determination to be the servant of a great enterprise. It is a sign not of his immodesty but of his devotion that he dared to say—and to say again and again—that the great enterprise is nothing less than the reconstruction of Western culture.

Culture, freedom, faith—these were, so to speak, the three articles of Leopold's creed and of his understanding of the rewarding life. Culture cannot exist except in freedom, and neither culture nor freedom can endure unless sustained by faith. Culture, Leopold said, is "the qualitative meaning

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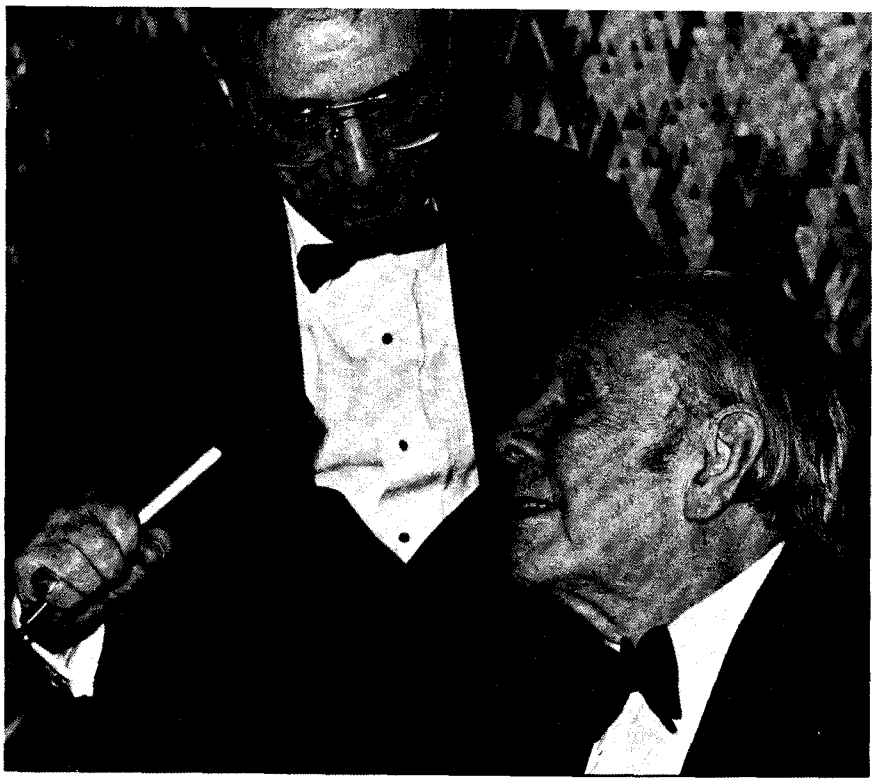
of life." Or, quoting a Polish writer of his generation, "Civilization is fork, knife, and spoon. Culture is how to use them." Culture is style. And Leopold was determined to live with style. Not the style of ephemeral stylishness, but the style of an elevated life lived as though life had consequence. And the requisite freedom, far from being the freedom of license, is the freedom that is discovered in freely binding oneself to the normative. In Leopold's vocabulary "normal" was not a dirty word. Whether in jazz or in literature or in friendship or in marriage, only the acknowledgment of the normatively normal can illuminate the astonishing variations which give vibrancy and luster to a great culture. It was an abiding lament of Leopold's that so many conservatives who also wished to defend the normal are so very dull, so apparently devoid of a capacity for astonishment. For Leopold, conservatism was a cause of high adventure.

Culture, freedom, and faith. Leopold wrote and spoke often of the Judeo-Christian tradition as the utterly irreplaceable foundation of the culture he cherished and sought to serve. On doctrinal content he was, to my knowledge, somewhat reticent. But he declared himself to be sure that we are bound by a transcendent truth, a truth prior to and external to ourselves, and he believed that that truth is ultimately both just and merciful. He said there is a "recompense" built into the nature of things. In that faith he offered up himself and his work. Leopold concluded a 1982 speech by asking whether we would achieve the cultural reconstruction for which he labored. He answered, "As my most trusted American philosopher, Fats Waller, used to say, 'One never knows, do one?'"

Now the earthly chronicles of Leopold draw to a close, and we can express the hope that now he does know, and he knows that he has not labored in vain. He has not labored in vain, not least of all, because we, his family, friends, colleagues, in commending him to the just and merciful God, recommit ourselves to the rewarding life that he sought to exemplify—the life of culture, of freedom, of faith. cc

Leopold Tyrmand, cofounder of The Rockford Institute and founding editor of the *Chronicles of Culture*, died of a heart attack on March 19, 1985, while vacationing with his family in Ft. Myers Beach, Florida. Obituary tributes in papers from the *San Francisco Chronicle* to the *New York Times*, and radio broadcasts including Radio Free Europe, the Voice of America, and several nationwide radio programs, testified to his importance in the world of letters. His passing leaves a somber void in the personal and professional lives of his associates at the Institute, as his works, his acuity, and his spirit provide a legacy to guide and inspire their continuation of what he began.

—John Howard



At left, Mr. Tyrmand adjusts the microphone for 1983 Ingersoll Prize recipient Jorge Luis Borges. Above, Mr. Tyrmand with his children, twins Matthew and Rebecca.

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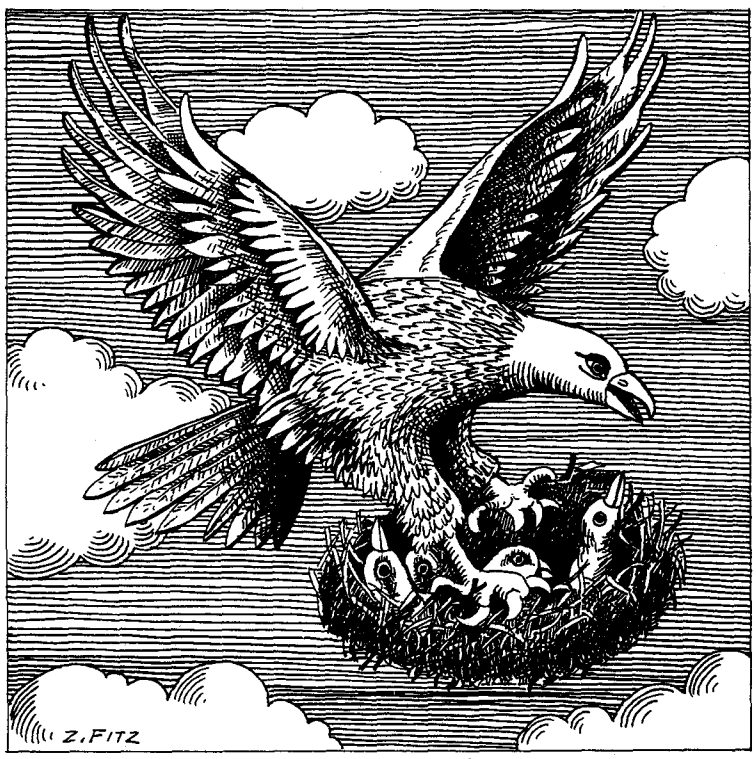
. . . WHO HELP THEMSELVES

We take too much for granted in America. Whenever we have a problem, we assume that somebody else is paid to solve it, somebody from the government. All the ancient burdens of the human flesh—poverty and envy, greed and arrogance—have been turned over to one or another bureaucratic agency. We sleep better at night knowing that somewhere someone is busy making life better for us. It means that *we* are off the hook. We do not have to give a quarter to the wino on the street ("Are there no prisons, are there no workhouses?"). If a cousin's business fails, we do not rush in to offer a loan—what do we have a small business administration for? We do not even greet a newcomer in the neighborhood with an apple pie or a "hot dish," although we may feel it our duty to alert the welcome wagon. By turning over our ethical responsibilities to organizations, we are free to devote our time and energies to our favorite subject: ourselves.

It has got to the point that we think it is positively wrong to do anything for ourselves. Families who attempt to



educate their own children may be subject to prosecution, and apart from government employees, hardly anyone is free to thumb his nose at social security and provide for his own retirement. God may help those who help themselves, but God help the man who tries it. Even if we are defending our lives from a school of sharks in the subway, we will find ourselves up on charges of infringing upon what is now regarded as the government prerogative. Anyone who followed the press accounts of the Goetz case—the misnamed subway vigilante—would be convinced that self-defense is a doubtful proposition. Even where it is not prohibited by law, it is still immoral. Confronted with an attacker, our only option is to run. If we must use force, then it must be the minimum force necessary to give us a chance to escape. Why? Because the government has a monopoly on maintaining security and resolving conflicts, and "no one has the right to take the law into his own hands." If that is really the case, if we really have come to believe that "the law is the true embodiment of everything that's excellent," then we are in a far worse state than most of us would like to admit. As the late Kenneth Patchen put it so eloquently, "It's much later and lousier than anybody thinks," if only because the government is doing such a bad job of protecting us.

By any index, much of America is no longer a very safe place to live. Our homicide rates are roughly five to 10 times higher than what prevails in Europe, while our robbery rate is about three times that of our neighbor to the north and nine times the United Kingdom's. Things are not getting better. While the President takes comfort from the indications that rates of violent crimes may be leveling off, the fact remains that they climbed dramatically over the past 20 years. Between 1969 and 1982 the offense rate (per 100,000 of population) went from an already-high 328.7 to 555.3—an increase of almost 69 percent. However you measure it, by whatever standard of comparison you choose, "government" is not doing much of a job of protecting its people, and yet the legal system continues to exercise a monopoly on domestic security.

It is time to consider how much of our problem lies in the fact of that monopoly. Monopolies are almost never efficient. Relieved of the pressure to compete, to measure up to any standard but its own, an institution becomes ineffective and hidebound; its mentality becomes professionalized. Its priorities get redirected from accomplishing results to maintaining status. No longer compelled to serve the public, it comes up with new ways of measuring competence: paper-flow efficiency, performances on standardized tests, and professional expertise. It is a world where the highest law is the Peter Principle. If anyone ventures to voice a criticism, he is told that as a layman he could not possibly understand the problems faced by the professionals.

If you have ever butted your head against the hard rock of a public school superintendent or NEA representative, you

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will understand immediately. The one statistic educationists cannot stand to hear about is the higher achievement rates of children who have been taught at home or in unaccredited religious schools. Sure, these kids can read and write, they may be math whizzes, but what about their *souls*? What about health and guidance? What about drivers ed? Most of the discussions of crime are carried on in the same professional tone, in the same atmosphere of unreality. Increasingly, police chiefs are becoming official spokespersons for city hall, part sociologist, part PR. Increasingly, police forces are picking up the sensitivity lingo and express tender concern for the rights of perpetrators. Many of them bristle at the suggestion that citizens should learn to do for themselves what, patently, the police cannot do. Fortunately, most ordinary policemen seem relatively immune to the gibberish that is thrown at them in criminal justice textbooks, but that is small comfort. Back before World War II most teachers resisted the jargon and phony science that already dominated the schools of education in what now looks like a golden age of public education. How far we have come in only one generation! The criminal justice system is at least halfway there.

To be able to resist an ideology, you must do so as a thinking and autonomous individual, but no bureaucracy can tolerate independent minds. It was for that reason that Gabriel Marcel called bureaucracy not only an evil, but "a metaphysical evil." It takes a full-blooded human being, living his own life and thinking his own thoughts, and it reduces him down to data that can be entered in on a form, information to be processed. To the extent we belong to such a system, we lose that much of our humanity. But, it is not only the victims of bureaucracy who lose their identity. Its agents may be even worse off. Concentration camp inmates or army recruits have their heads shaved and their names replaced with numbers; the poor are turned into welfare "cases," but as *victims* they may be inspired to resist. What of the guards, the drill sergeants, and social workers who actually collaborate in the very system that is dehumanizing them? Will they maintain their integrity against the institution that pays their wages? It seems too much to ask of ordinary men who join a police force, that they should resist the temptation to quit being cops and become criminal justice technicians.

Even if the legal system functioned perfectly, it might be less than ideal to invest it with the kind of universal authority it has acquired. In most societies, including until recently the U.S., many if not most problems were handled informally. If a man seduced your daughter, you did not automatically have the law on him. He either married her or risked getting shot if he hung around. You didn't have to worry too much about crimes like burglary or armed robbery, because most men knew how to take care of themselves and their families and, if they needed help, their relatives and neighbors would be happy to provide it. The right to repel violence with violence was among the first principles of Roman law. It had equal force in the Common Law. We did not have to borrow it from the Romans: self-defense is a virtually universal principle of human social life.

The fact is that in most societies, violent means are only rarely required. The mere knowledge that a man is willing to defend himself is usually enough to discourage crimes against life and property. As Roger McGrath explained the case of the California mining towns he studied (see review in *Chronicles*, March 1985):

> The citizens themselves, armed with various types of firearms and willing to kill to protect their persons or property, were evidently the most important deterrent to larcenous crimes.

The defenseless condition of the American citizenry must act as a positive inducement to criminals who know they can pretty much get away with anything. All they have to fear is the police and the sentimental attentions of a well-meaning judge.

There is much more to community security than armed vigilance. There has to be the habit of self-reliance and a sense of community identity. Bargaining with your neighbor over what he did to your car when he was drunk is quite a different affair from negotiating with an armed stranger. We fear the stranger and cannot deal with him as a neighbor. In our ethnically and racially diverse inner cities, it is hard, very hard, to develop a sense of neighborhood. Members of a real community are forced to cooperate for the common good. Traditional communities are integrated in a number of ways. Most people are related by blood or marriage; they may work together; they usually take part in common religious ceremonies. This ideal community may never be restored in urban America, but some elements of it are far from impossible. There are religious organizations and social networks which can serve to solidify community sentiment. Paul J. Lavrakas has found that programs of community security only seem to work if they are operated by already-existing organizations, like a church or retail merchants association. These institutions and organizations have the support of the neighborhood behind them and are able to act effectively in combating crime, if they are given the necessary guidance.

If families, neighborhoods, and community organizations used to be able to keep the peace with only minimal and emergency assistance from the police, what happened to this capacity for self-government? Did it disappear naturally, along with cultural and ethnic homogeneity? Partly. But it is also true that as the state has cast the net of its responsibilities ever more widely, we have lost the ability and the will to do for ourselves. Before World War I, Prince Kropotkin was already complaining that the modern state, by absorbing the social functions of family and community, was promoting a selfish-individualism. It is not pleasant to find yourself agreeing with a crackpot like Kropotkin, but the history of this century has proved him right. Step by step we have surrendered control over our families and communities. The predictable result has been the decay of those institutions—a decay that can be measured in the statistics on divorce, abortion, and crime. The only hopeful sign is the growing recognition that we have made a mistake. It is not just the testimonials of affection that have been showered—rightly or wrongly—on Mr. Goetz. Even criminal justice professionals are beginning to realize that nothing short of a revival of community responsibility can halt the rising tide of violence in American cities.

—*Thomas J. Fleming*

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Progressive Pilgrim *by Jay Mechling*

"I write the wonders of the Christian religion, flying from the depravations of Europe to the American strand. . . ."

—Cotton Mather

Martin E. Marty: *Pilgrims in Their Own Land: 500 Years of Religion in America*; Little, Brown; Boston.

One week after the 1984 Presidential election, while Ronald Reagan was still basking in the afterglow of a victory he takes as evidence that "America is feeling good about itself again," the National Conference of Catholic Bishops meeting in Washington finally got a look at the 136-page draft of a "Pastoral Letter on Catholic Social Teaching and the U.S. Economy." The document is strong stuff, calling the current rates of unemployment and inequities of wealth a "moral and social scandal." The draft pastoral letter already has stirred controversy equal to what greeted the bishops' May 1983 pastoral letter on nuclear war. The timing of the debate over the nuclear letter could have made it a part of the Presidential campaign, though its role in that campaign (indeed, the role of the nuclear issue itself) was much less significant by October of 1984 than most observers predicted. In contrast, the committee of five bishops who drafted the letter on economics purposely kept secret their draft until after the election to avoid making it a campaign issue.

This restraint was all the more remarkable in a campaign season filled with talk about the proper relationship between religion and politics in America. While one side asked the television audience if they wanted the Reverend Jerry Falwell to be selecting the next justices of the Supreme Court, the other side wondered aloud what was happening to America if we could not allow little children to pray in school. President Reagan's comment at a prayer breakfast at the Republican convention in Dallas that "politics and religion are necessarily mixed" became something of the centerpiece of this public drama, prompting columnists like Garry Wills and William Safire to lecture the President on the American Enlightenment background for the separation of church and state. Meanwhile, the week preceding the election saw in major newspapers the appearance of full-page "public service" advertisements in which the Arthur S. DeMoss Foundation quoted Washington, Madison, Lincoln, *et al.* to the effect that "religion's influence on public policy has had a long and distinguished history." Everyone, it seems, is appealing to the authority of American history, of American tradition, to settle the question of religion and politics. Yet everyone who looks finds a different history or, at least, a self-serving history. Would it help to consult an American historian on this matter? What historian would dare enter this fray?

Enter Martin E. Marty, the Fairfax M. Cone Distinguished Service Professor of the History of Modern Christianity at the University of Chicago, author of more than 30 books, general editor of the University of Chicago's History of American Religion series, and an editor and regular contributor to *The Christian Century*. Marty used his *Christian Century* column last October to correct or add historical perspective to several of the popular misconceptions about the American tradition of mixing politics and religion, noting that American churchgoers were no more willing for their clergy to take stands on controversial issues in the 1960's than they are in the 1980's, about 17 percent in both cases. The election came only a few months after the May publication of Marty's *Pilgrims in Their Own Land*, his 500-page history of religion in America. The publication of Marty's most substantial historical statement to date might be a good occasion to ask both what are his views of our history and what are the ideological uses of that history.

"It is often said," writes Marty in his Preface, "that Americans have amnesia: they do not know who they are, nor do they know their past." Americans certainly have a sense of themselves as "a religious people," but (laments Marty and every American historian I have ever met) "few learn what this means or how we came to be such." The consequences of this elective ignorance are serious. If citizens choose to ignore or reject tradition, they are under its control nonetheless. "From the past come words, images, gestures, and choices that still inform and prod." Knowledge of American history in this light becomes more than an amusing pastime, more than a storehouse of trivia for parlor games. It becomes a patriotic duty and, not the least, a tool for defending ourselves against those who use selected words of the Founding Fathers to sell us something.

Folklorists and anthropologists realize that it is the storytellers who have the most powerful grip on a community's understanding of itself and of reality. It is the storytellers who give shape to the unordered flow of events, who (as Marty puts it) "put the name *chaos* on chaos" as the "first step in ordering." Marty's highly readable story

Jay Mechling is professor and director of American Studies at the University of California, Davis. He has written extensively on the work by sociologist-of-religion Peter L. Berger and was editor of Church, State, and Public Policy: The New Shape of the Church-State Debate *(1978).*

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about religion in America is aimed at a readership larger than the usual scholarly audience for institutional histories of religions. Toward that end, Marty banishes the usual scholarly footnotes to a concluding essay on "Suggested Reading" and chooses to tell his story through the lives of dozens of the leaders of the American "Pilgrims."

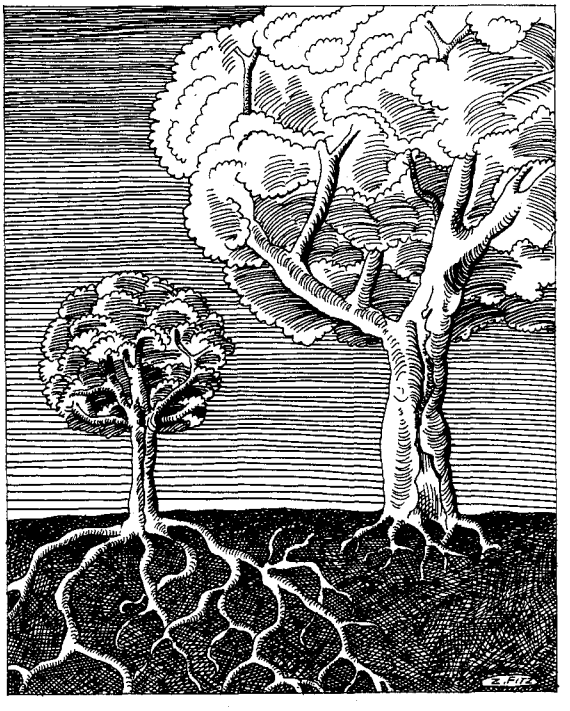
One of the great delights on reading Marty's history is that he redefines the cast of important characters. Present on stage are many of the familiar players—John Winthrop, Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, J. H. Noyes, Joseph Smith, Walter Rauschenbusch, Billy Graham, Reinhold Niebuhr, John Courtney Murray, and Will Herberg, among others. But Marty also tells the stories of religious leaders not usually heard from in American histories, people like Bartolome de las Casas, who (though he never set foot on the North American mainland) deserves to be remembered as the champion of the Indians in Europe, as the cleric who insisted upon the *voluntary* conversion of the Indian people of the New World. Or like Wovoka (born Jack Wilson), the Paiute who created the short-lived revitalization movement known as the Ghost Dance religion. Some inclusions, such as Malcolm X and Cesar Chavez, will annoy some readers, and other readers are bound to complain that Marty inexplicably omits one or another obvious candidate. But this is a good measure of Marty's intent to challenge the accepted canon of which religions and which leaders "count" in American history.

These characters, major and minor alike, need a conflict to energize the action and set the plot in motion, and for that conflict Marty returns to what is really an old theme in American historical writing. Marty takes his title from a phrase he finds in Jacques Maritain's 1958 *Reflections on America:* "Americans seem to be in their own land as pilgrims, prodded by a dream. They are always on the move —available for new tasks, prepared for the possible loss of what they have. They are not *settled, installed.*" The people, their dreams, and the land are (for Marty) in a dynamic dialectic that creates "not merely 'religion in America' but 'American religion,'" not merely European (or Eastern) faiths transferred to a new setting but something uniquely the result of the confrontation of a religion with American pluralism.

Marty's is, as I said, a very traditional approach to the historical explanation of American experience. The Puritans discovered early that their vision of a "City Upon a Hill" had to deal somehow with the land, space, and (most importantly) the freedom of *choice* the New World forced upon their dissenters' consciousness. Frederick Jackson Turner took the occasion of the 1890 census and the Census Bureau's conclusion that there was no longer a distinguishable border between settled and unsettled America to propose his now famous "frontier hypothesis" (1893). Turner accounted for the unique character of American democratic institutions by noting the salutary effects of frontier conditions upon human habits, values, and institutions. There have been many emendations of Turner's thesis over the years, such as David M. Potter's shift of attention from frontier conditions to abundance (in *People of Plenty*, 1954) and George W. Pierson's insistence that the crucial element shared by both Turner's frontier and Potter's abundance is the "m-factor," mobility. Marty's central image of a "restless" dialectic between the American people, their dreams, and the land is testimony to the persistence of Turner's thesis in American historical thinking.

But Marty introduces an important difference. Whereas Potter and others who look upon the American landscape, abundance, and mobility as the context for the exceptionalism of American institutions (including the religious) were writing out of an assumption that there was a basic consensus among Americans about the meaning of the American "experiment," Marty is writing in 1984 from the perspective of historians who saw the consensus shattered in the 1960's and 1970's. Put differently, Marty's history discards the older notion of consensus, of a shared national character, in favor of a conflict model of American social order, still preserving Turner's emphasis on land, movement, and choice.

The implications of Marty's idea can be seen if we unravel from the longer story the strand having to do with "public religion" in America. From Marty's point of view, the actual political revolution was minor compared with the other two revolutions Americans accomplished near the end of the 18th century. The first was a radically altered conception of the proper relation between church and state, and the second was the creation of a "republican religion . . . not of revelation but of reason." Marty cautions the modern reader that in order to understand the documents of the creation on the American republic, we must acquire the "new vocabulary" the founders used to talk about religions and philosophy. "The new vocabulary," writes Marty, "pointed toward an Age of Reason where there had been an Age of Faith. The mind mattered more than the heart, reason more than revelation, morals more than miracles, public virtue more than private salvation."



Marty wisely sees that at times the new republican religion was an ally of the denominations, at other times a competitor in the marketplace of faiths. Benjamin Franklin was most vocal in his call for an American "public religion" that blended Christian ethics, nondenominational deism, and Enlightenment natural science and political theory, and Wash-

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ington and Jefferson used the Presidency as a pulpit for spreading the republican religion. But James Madison emerges as the central figure in Marty's tale, for it is Madison's *Memorial and Remonstrance Against Religious Assessments* (1785) that Marty credits with the final push for the disestablishment of state churches in the United States. One of the most remarkable accomplishments of that document was Madison's treating religion as an "opinion." Madison had "made a virtue of the American necessity that came with its diversity. Public religion proposed a broad faith to blanket the Republic and then to some extent wanted the churches to survive but to keep cancelling each other out. Madison decided that the best (and only) security for religious liberty lay in what he called 'the multiplicity of sects.'"

Marty believes Madison was correct to entrust the security of the republic to a diversity of interests but incorrect in supposing that the "public religion" would serve forever as the neutral canopy protecting the sects. The denominations have since then seen the Enlightenment civil religion as a particular faith that must compete with the denominations in "the open market of opinions." Nevertheless, the American public religion can be found in our public documents, in the rhetoric of Presidential addresses from Washington through Lincoln to Eisenhower and Kennedy, in our legal system, and not least in "its passion in the cries by citizens at the deepest crises of American life."

I dwell on these few pages of a 500-page history because I believe the key to understanding Marty's vision is to see his Madisonian faith in security through the conflict of diversity. In fact, Marty's history weds Darwinian natural selection with classical economic theory in some surprising ways. Consider, for example, this passage about the Great Awakening of the 1740's: "Along with the fresh accent on *personal* experience, the *voluntary* experience, and the *freedom of choice* that followed itineracy, the new movements left a legacy of *competition for souls*" (emphasis added). And, later, "free enterprise had come to the world of religion." For Marty, the Second Great Awakening "was a textbook example of free enterprise in the marketplace of religion, a competition in which the fittest survived." To be sure, some of this rhetoric belongs to the period itself, but these passages and others convince me that Marty trusts conflict among competing sects, because he is certain that a free market of religious opinions is the safeguard of our freedom to hold all kinds of opinion.

This is why Marty is basically so optimistic about American culture in the late 20th century and why he is able actually to embrace modernity and all its choices. "America's has been a story of the dialogues with the land, with new peoples, with pathfinders of vision," he writes, "pioneers who conspired to prevent Americans from becoming spiritually 'settled,' even within traditions." For Americans, it is the attempt to preserve a tradition that takes effort. Where some would read American diversity and rate of change as chaotic, Marty sees strength. The spiritual pilgrimage of Americans need not be toward the integration and simplicity our modern lives seem to lack; rather, the "restless pilgrimage" itself, the sense of an experiment not finished, Lincoln's notion of Americans as an "almost chosen people," these are the frames of mind closest to what American experience means.

Marty's history will be "unsettling" to those readers who think America needs to put the brakes on modernity's secularism and restore traditional religious values, for Marty follows Madison's example by making virtues out of conflict, choice, competition, experiment, and change. But his point is that these are virtues working *for*, not against, the vitality of religious faith in America. We might say that religious faith in America is strong because of, not despite, the secular character of its government. Folklorists and others who study American lives in their face-to-face settings see this vitality and could lend testimony to Marty's confidence that Americans will not permit politicians or clergy or even historians to "settle," finally, what must remain "unsettled." cc

IN THE MAIL

Edith Wharton: Orphancy and Survival by Wendy Gimbel; Praeger; New York. What to do if you're frustrated by a patriarchal society that threatens your feminine development.

Political Anthropology, Volume IV: Cross Currents in Israeli Culture and Politics edited by Myron J. Aronoff; Transaction Books; New Brunswick, NJ. Essays on the interpretations of reality and the reactions to it in the contemporary state of Israel.

Errol Flynn: A Bio-Bibliography by Peter Valenti; Greenwood Press; Westport, CT. His written, written ways.

Future War Novels: An Annotated Bibliography of Works in English Published Since 1946 by John Newman and Michael Unsworth; Oryx Press; Phoenix, AZ. Not all are about nukes. Consider *The Year of the Angry Rabbit*, in which "Despite all human efforts, the rabbits take over Australia." The Aussies must have had second thoughts about cruise missiles.

The State of the Nation: A Conference of the Committee for the Free World edited by Steven C. Munson; Committee for the Free World/University Press of America; Washington, DC. Two days with some of the brightest neoconservatives, including Garment, Novak, Podhoretz, Sowell, and Wattenburg.

The Virginia Papers on the Presidency, Volume XV: The White Burkett Miller Center Forums, 1983, Part IV edited by Kenneth W. Thompson; University Press of America; Washington, DC. The Presidents as seen through eyes ranging from those of *Time* magazine to the C.I.A.

The Virginia Papers on the Presidency, Volume XVI: The White Burkett Miller Center Forums, 1984, Part I edited by Kenneth W. Thompson; University Press of America; Washington, DC. This time it's the I.R.S. and even the perspective from Britain and Australia (non-rabbit). You can bet on volumes XVII . . . XX . . . LX. . . .

Center Journal: Fall 1984, Volume 3, Number 4, edited by Kerry J. Koller; Center for Christian Studies; Notre Dame, IN. Includes Thomas Molnar on Jacques Ellul, James V. Schall on Augustine and bureaucrats, and more.

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Twentieth Century Fox *by Samuel T. Francis*

"The fox knows many things; the hedgehog one—but a big one."

—Archilochus

William R. Keylor: *The Twentieth Century World: An International History*; Oxford University Press; New York.

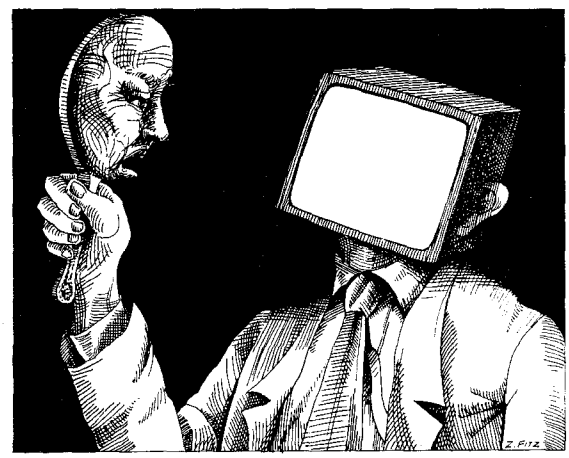
Bernadotte E. Schmitt and Harold C. Vedeler: *The World in the Crucible, 1914-1919*; Harper & Row; New York.

Every century must appear to those who live through it as the most important in history. In the case of the 20th century, an argument can be made that it represents a turning point comparable to the great transitional periods of human history and that, unlike these other periods, it affects directly and immediately most of the globe and not just Europe and its dependencies. Such an argument would no doubt begin by citing the quantitative data for economic production, technological progress, population growth, war casualties, and mass consumption, and it would be a compelling case on these statistical grounds alone. The argument would conclude with reference to the intellectual revolution of 20th-century science, the collapse of European and American dominance of the nonwhite world, and the rise of mass ideologies and organizations that claim the future of mankind. Neither William R. Keylor's *The Twentieth Century World* nor Bernadotte Schmitt and Harold C. Vedeler's *The World in the Crucible* makes such an argument, however, for it lies beyond the more prosaic tasks that they in general admirably perform in their pages.

Keylor, Schmitt, and Vedeler fortunately avoid the rehash of historiographical controversies that so often serves as a substitute for history and dwell instead on their own reading of 20th-century history and of its progenitor, the First World War. That reading in general is the orthodox or establishment view of contemporary events. Keylor essentially argues that German expansionism was the principal cause of World War I, that Hitler's ideologically based aggression and the lackluster response of his foreign opponents were the causes of World War II, and that American misinterpretation of Stalin's seizure of Eastern Europe as Marxist imperialism led to the Cold War and its anxieties. Similarly, while perhaps overemphasizing the military history of the war at the expense of internal political and social changes, Schmitt and Vedeler offer negative assessments of the German state, German strategy, and German statecraft during the war. They are generally hostile to the institutions and societies that were swept away by what was once naively called the "Great War." Neither volume is intended to be particularly thought-provoking, but both, allowing for the ideological prepossessions of their authors, are probably among the most comprehensive and objective textbooks available.

Nevertheless, amidst the assemblage of facts and chronicles, the reader may begin to perceive the world-historical importance of this century, the war that brought it about, and perhaps even what may come from it. Although Schmitt and Vedeler do not state the problem so explicitly, it is clear from their volume that the crucial challenge of the 20th century has been Ortega's revolt of the masses. This revolt is only in part due to deracination and rebelliousness. It is more specifically the result of the increase in population coupled with the far-reaching reorganization of the masses through new technology (especially in communications). Because of unprecedented population growth, traditional social and political institutions were unable to contain the new masses. The first brutal evidence appeared when World War I, contrary to the expectations of the strategists who planned it, began to consume hundreds of thousands of casualties in single battles and to require ever larger financial and material resources for its voracity.

The technology of 20th-century social and political organization (not simply office gadgetry but more importantly the bureaucratic state and the managerial organization in economy and society), coupled with the available masses, dictated and informed the most important events of the century. Although this revolution had its roots in the 19th century, it was the First World War that forced its participants to invent the organizational and disciplinary means by which entire societies could be mobilized for a single purpose. What the rest of the century learned from World War I was that these new organizational forms could be used for peacetime goals as well and indeed that they were the only discernible forms for controlling and motivating the masses.



In economic life, the war created the need for mass production of food, clothing, and the apparatus of war; hence, the size and composition of the labor force altered, and the state took a larger role than before in the coordination of economic activity. As Schmitt and Vedeler summarize this phenomenon:

> The ever-increasing need for the largest possible measure of war production compelled a reorganization of the national economy

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and state machinery in the form of war socialism, or *Zwangswirtschaft*. The expanded state of many agencies and tentacles directed the economic life of the nation and put into operation a planned economy for the purpose of utilizing the national resources with maximum efficiency in the prosecution of the war. The state was forced to create a mechanism for ordering priorities of allocation and distribution of scarce raw materials and manpower.

The demands of the war forced further changes in what was left of the private economy in the expansion of automation, the reorganization of the factory system, and the standardization of mass production. The expanded bureaucracy and the new, rising managerial class increased the size of middle-income strata but corresponded with a decrease in the number of independent entrepreneurs, the heroes of the bourgeois order. The emancipation of women and the increased power of organized labor, with their attendant cultural and political effects, were also results of the war.

In terms of political organization, the war led to equally far-reaching consequences. The totalitarian state of Lenin was the immediate creation of the war and offered a model for the organization and control of the masses that continues to appeal to American college professors. Lenin's revolutionary apparatus so fully proved its value for seizing power that it also continues to be emulated. One of the most interesting chapters in Schmitt and Vedeler's book, "The Revolution in Warfare," discusses the new dimensions of political and economic conflict, with their emphasis on the mobilization of mind and emotion for political ends and of noncombatant sectors of the mass population. Total war involves not only a fight to the death, but also the mobilization of all sectors and institutions of society, and only a total state can conduct it. While Lenin's political inventions are extreme cases, the effect of World War I on Western states was to transform them also into incipient totalitarian regimes. The specialized bureaucracy that operated the newly emerging states has remained as the characteristic form of political organization of the 20th-century world.

The enduring importance of the First World War, then, does not lie in its physical destruction or international destabilization, but in its creation, through the conjunction of mass and machine, of a new form of society that was known to neither the aristocrats and dynasts of the old regime nor to the bourgeoisie and proletariat of the 19th century. The new society required a new kind of ruler, detached from his social roots, indifferent or hostile to traditional values, and basing his power on his specialized ability to understand and make use of the new technology of social control in state, economy, science, education, war, and propaganda—in short, the manager.

Mr. Keylor's account of the international relations of this new society includes not only the usual discussion of European affairs but also informative chapters on U.S.-Latin American relations and of Far Eastern events. Unfortunately, his book, designed as a text for undergraduates, omits virtually all discussion of the role of the unique characteristics of the 20th century in international affairs. As the author tells us in his Preface, "little attention is devoted to the internal social, political, or cultural history of individual states," and he follows the traditional practice of discussing the conduct of foreign policy in terms of national units —e.g., "Japan went to war"—and acknowledges that "it would be tedious to repeat each time what is denoted by these handy labels: the political, economic, and military elites that shape the foreign policies of a state." The result is a detailed but rather artificial portrait of disembodied abstractions pursuing or failing to pursue equally disembodied interests. At the risk of being tedious, Mr. Keylor might have done well to discuss not only the role of internal elites in the formulation and conduct of foreign policy but also the conflicts within internal elites as well as the relationship of other aspects of 20th-century society to international affairs. Thus, the rise of professional foreign services in place of aristocratic amateurs, the technological sophistication of war, and the replacement of 19th-century tycoons and adventurers by mass, publicly owned, manager-controlled corporations are distinctive features of the century that play important foreign policy roles but which are passed over entirely by Mr. Keylor's history.

Perhaps, from this perspective, the most striking phenomenon of contemporary international affairs is the demise of the United States as the predominant world power—a demise that is not due to material breakdowns and which has been not only intentionally promoted but also praised by the new managerial elite that presided over it. It is all very well to talk about the economic challenge of Europe and Japan, the military expansion of the Soviets, and the unwillingness of the Third World to defer to Western and American predominance. The fact remains that these trends have been encouraged by the American establishment through foreign aid and development, the embracing of détente and "Mutual Assured Destruction," and more recently through the imposture of "human rights." The great question is: does the elite understand what it is doing or is it so naive, guilt-ridden, or possessed by its own ideological illusions about man and his world that it really does not know what happens to nations that surrender power?

Critics of American foreign policy generally have dismissed the former alternative as "conspiracy theory" and have preferred some version of the latter. There is, however, a *tertium quid*. The dominant elite in the United States holds power through its ability to control the mass organizations and technology of 20th-century society. Its power is not the power that derives from force or the threat of force but rather from expertise, manipulation, negotiation, and management —the form of power that World War I began to perfect. The elite is therefore not fitted to deal with coercive power relations; it is essentially incapable of fighting wars or suppressing violent challenges to its regime by criminals and terrorists. (It is no accident that we now have an elite profession of "crisis management" to deal with terrorism and outbreaks of mass violence.)

This manipulative mentality of the national elite, assumed to meet the demands of its internal position in a postindustrial society, is irrelevant to

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the characteristic problems of international power. Nations, said Thomas Hobbes, are perpetually in "the posture of gladiators," and relations among them are seldom mitigated by laws, traditions, or justice. In those instances where the mentality of our elite is shared by others (i.e., Western Europe, Japan, Canada, and a few other developed states), the managerial style in diplomacy can probably work; in those instances where there is no such consensus among elites—the communist states and the majority of Third World regimes—the predominance of this style in policy typically leads to disaster and the erosion of the international power of the managerial states.

The suicidal impulses of American foreign policy are therefore, in this view, inherent in the elite that formulates our policy, and it is no good to talk about new ideas or new policymakers if they are drawn from the same elite formations as the old ones. What really should be explored is how the structure and mentality of this elite dominated by the "foxes" of Machiavelli and Vilfredo Pareto can be modified or balanced so as to promote a mentality that can understand and make use of coercive power successfully. The prospects for such a development are not promising, however.

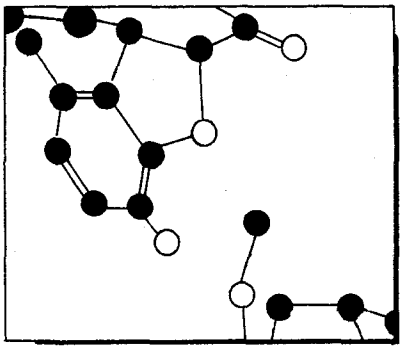
The history of the 20th century therefore awaits an analyst who can assess its complex and contradictory details within an informed appreciation of its unique and world-historical nature. These two books do not attempt such an interpretative synthesis, but the fact that they can be written at all perhaps suggests that it will soon be possible to hazard an attempt. cc

REVISIONS

Alchemy

Primo Levi, author of *The Periodic Table* (Schocken; New York), is a chemist. He is also one of Italy's leading literary figures. The combination is surprising for several reasons. Scientists able to write well are not as uncommon as literary men who understand calculus or advanced genetics, but the scientist-writer is still a rarity in our age of "two cultures." Those few able to bridge the gap are typically biological scientists (like Julian Huxley or Lewis Thomas) or occasionally mathematicians or physicists (Charles Dodgson or C. P. Snow). But modern chemistry, far removed from the rhythms of life yet constricted in theoretical scope, seems an unlikely field of endeavor for a great writer—a hypothesis confirmed by every one of the 100 books churned out by biochemist Isaac Asimov. But Levi is the real thing.

Except for two imaginative "mineral tales" ("Lead" and "Mercury"), *The Periodic Table* consists of a collection of autobiographical reminiscences, each evocatively focused upon some chemical element ("Argon," "Potassium," "Iron," etc.). Part of the interest in these vignettes derives from the unusual circumstances under which Levi has practiced his profession—in a Buna rubber laboratory in Auschwitz within sight of the crematoriums, for instance. (His own life was saved because of the German need for his technical skills.) But Levi does not need the backdrop of the Holocaust to capture our attention. His perception of the subtleties of human character is acute, and his power to turn a routine lab procedure into an imaginative event or even a philosophic reflection is remarkable. Who else could write this about a simple lab test:



> I cut off a slice of the metal with the handsaw (it was easy to saw) and offered it to the flame of the Bunsen burner: an unusual thing took place: a thread of brown smoke rose from the flame, a thread which curled into volutes. I felt, with an instant of voluptuous nostalgia, reawaken in me the reflexes of an analyst, withered by long inertia: I found a capsule of enameled porcelain, filled it with water, held it over the sooty flame, and saw form on the bottom a brown deposit which was an old acquaintance. . . . [T]he metal was cadmium, the distant son of Cadmus, the sower of dragon's teeth.

Levi makes no grand claims for his chosen science. He early discovered that "Pure Chemistry" would "not answer my questions" about life's meanings. He concedes that chemistry is "a mess compounded of stenches, explosions and small futile mysteries." He admits, too, that "the origins of chemistry were ignoble, or at least equivocal: the dens of the alchemists, their abominable hodgepodge of ideas and language, their confessed interest in gold, their Levantine swindles typical of charlatans or magicians." Still, there is real magic in the way Levi invokes chemistry's mysterious past in his stories. There is power, too, in his application of the central lesson of the laboratory: "One must distrust the almost-the-same, the practically identical, the approximate." Levi has learned to make careful distinctions, and, for a writer, such knowledge may be the true Philosopher's Stone. cc

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Criminal Commonplaces *by C. P. Dragash*

"The more featureless and commonplace a crime is, the more difficult it is to bring it home."
—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

American Violence & Public Policy; Edited by Lynn A. Curtis; Yale University Press; New Haven.

Back in 1969 the Violence Commission issued a report which foresaw the urban America of the future as a sort of terrorist Alphaville: high-tech business centers and shopping malls protected by armed guards, fortified apartment complexes defended by sophisticated electronic surveillance, and patrols of armed citizens keeping a vigilant watch over their neighborhoods. As Elliot Currie points out in his contribution to this volume of updates, "Crimes of Violence and Public Policy," the Commission's sci-fi predictions have been in large measure fulfilled. Every American knows what the problem is; we do not even need the chilling statistics provided by Weiner and Wolfgang in their thoroughgoing introductory essay. The FBI's Unified Crime Reports reveal that between 1969 and 1982 the rate of murder in the U.S. increased by 25 percent, forcible rape by 82 percent, robbery by 56 percent, and aggravated assault by 82 percent. There is some quarrel over the figures and a discrepancy between FBI data and the National Crime Survey compiled annually by the Bureau of the Census, but neither set of statistics is encouraging. Few Americans can actually quote the figures, but by 1981, 68 percent of us believed that crime had increased in the course of the year.

The trouble with most thinking about crime—to borrow a phrase from James Q. Wilson—is the "expert" mentality of police authorities, sociologists, and urban studies professors who carry on the discussion. It makes no difference if they view punishment as rehabilitation or deterrence, whether they are soft liberals as in the 60's or tough conservatives as in the 70's. They collect data, test out theories, and run projections as if there were not a kind of Hobbesian war of every man against every man being waged on our city streets. From their comfortable offices they conduct their research, free of outrage, anger, or fear. It is as if their abstract analyses had numbed them to the reality of this reign of terror under which so much of our population is condemned to live. It is almost hard to remember what it used to be like. As children growing up in the 1940's and 50's, few of us even knew what a rape actually involved. Now, it seems, it is the number one contact sport in inner cities and college towns, a phenomenon to be discussed and endured as one of the less pleasant facts of life in the postmodern world—like Walkman stereos or gum stuck on the underside of the tabletop. Parents seem almost resigned to the idea. Violent crime is, in the opinion of experts and laymen alike, a social problem, a disease which can be licked if we adopt more effective measures of public health. *American Violence & Public Policy*—the latest volume of the Eisenhower Commission—is a decided step away from the simple-minded, policy-dominated approach.

Elliot Currie marks the first stage of transition from the old therapeutic mentality. He rejects the liberal and conservative approaches to violent crime that have held sway in the past two decades and offers a "third stage" based on the recognition that criminal justice is not a complete solution but needs to be supplemented by government intervention in reconstructing family and community ties. We have to recognize, Currie insists, that "not much can be gained by way of crime reductions through the sheer expansion of criminal justice resources." He is certainly right: throwing more money away on hardware won't put an end to crime in the streets. But if Currie means to suggest that, in general, getting tough on crime will have any good results, I wonder. Just imagine, for one terrible moment, that we

C. P. Dragash describes himself as a mugged conservative.

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adopted the enlightened criminal justice system of, say, Saudi Arabia, and imposed mandatory death sentences for all crimes of violence. Up until recently it was generally acknowledged that crimes which threatened life—rape, kidnapping, arson—deserved the death penalty. My daddy must have had this in mind when he told me never to point a gun at anyone, unless I meant to shoot, and never to shoot, unless I meant to kill. Other people, he warned, would interpret a pointed gun as a threat and might know how to respond. Who takes such threats seriously today?

At the very least, expanding the death penalty would gradually shrink the available pool of criminal labor. There is no doubt about the deterrent effect of executing even half of the people responsible for the 600-700,000 violent crimes committed in the U.S. each year. At the rate of only 100,000 executions per year, the problem would be well in hand by the end of the decade. It is simply not true that we do not know how to make the streets (forget about the world) safe for democracy. As Samuel T. Francis put it, some time back, we might need a David Stockman of the death penalty.

If we do not undertake a campaign of extermination or at least some program of Draconian severity (a lifetime in solitary for repeat offenders?), it cannot be for reasons of expediency. Only a tiny minority of the population would be affected: the criminal classes. It would be a question of taking the side of the victim against the criminal (as Frank G. Carrington put it in *Neither Cruel Nor Unusual*). However, such a program would obviously conflict with our notions of justice and humanity. Given the choice between protecting the innocent and preserving the rights of the guilty, we have deliberately chosen the latter not out of fondness for rapists and murderers but out of moral conviction. It is a luxury which the educated and affluent have been able to afford, until recently. Those who are condemned, by misfortune or indolence, to live in bad urban neighborhoods are not so lucky.

Blacks, for example, do—it is true—commit between 50 and 60 percent of the violent crimes in the U.S., although they are only about 12 percent of the population. On the other hand, most of this crime is committed *against* Blacks. There is a sense in which the liberal soft-on-crime approach to criminal justice is just one more example of the affluent classes' contempt for the poor—hardly a new story. Some time ago Edward Banfield risked academic excommunication by pointing out that many social programs supposedly aimed at poor minorities actually benefit the college-educated middle classes. Consider the amount of welfare money swallowed up by white-collar bureaucrats and social workers, the mass transit systems which allow the suburban gentry to commute to work, urban renewal programs, and "gentrification" which only businesses and yuppies can take advantage of. Some of these programs not only benefit the rich but actually—in the case of AFDC—hurt the poor. It was only when the elite found itself threatened by crime—in the 1970's—that they began to take a tougher position. It was then we began to hear the definition of the neoconservative as a liberal who had been mugged.

The alternative, or rather the complement, to stiff criminal justice is, as Currie points out, social reconstruction, the revival of responsibility in families and communities. Unfortunately, most of the thinking on this subject has also been dominated by planners, bureaucrats, and welfare workers who take for granted the helplessness and shiftlessness of ordinary people. The 20th century has seen the professionals take over from families and communities many of their ancient responsibilities for child rearing and education for the young and for the welfare of the old and less able. Some of the changes resulted in increased efficiency or standard of living, but the price was high: the loss of autonomy in families and the decay of community identity and responsibility. Now the planners tell us they are going to need more money and more money to carry out their "reconstruction" of families and communities in the interest of crime prevention. In some parts of the U.S., they still have a fair idea of what reconstruction by government decree really means. It's taken Mississippi and South Carolina 100 years to get over the effects of Federal benevolence. Heaven help the reconstructed poor!

There are a few sterling exceptions in urban studies. Paul J. Lavrakas in his essay "Citizen Self-Help and Neighborhood Crime Prevention Policy," makes several telling observations. Government programs designed to reconstruct community responsibility for security tend to run aground for one of several reasons. For one thing, state and local governments are usually the first in line when the money is being handed out. Even when programs targeted money in the form of direct grants to community groups, as in the Community Anti-Crime Program, the activities of these groups were hampered by all the government strings attached to the grants. What is just as bad, such groups are typically created out of thin air; they lack a firm foundation in the community and they are only rarely given the guidance and resources which would enable them to function effectively. Lavrakas's recommendation, based on the observation of several successful programs, is to work through existing community organizations—business associations, church groups, etc.—and provide them with badly needed technical assistance and a workable agenda.

Lavrakas's approach to neighborhood security is rooted in something deeper than mere policy considerations. He is convinced that we, and not the government, are responsible for our own protection. While the police can react to crime, only we can prevent it:

> Historically, humans took for granted that *they* were primarily responsible for their own safety. As population density grew and cities formed, institutions such as the police developed, releasing the citizenry from some of their responsibility for keeping communities safe. But even then, it was the behavior of the citizenry, not the police, that ultimately determined community security.

The social remedy for urban crime, then, is "a caring and vigilant citizenry," a position also taken up by the volume's editor, Lynn A. Curtis, in his concluding essay. Curtis provides a

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convincing discussion of two successful community organizations: Umoja Boy's Town in West Philadelphia and El Centro in Puerto Rico, where crime prevention measures are only part of an overall effort to revitalize the community. He would confine police activity in the inner city to a supporting role, "if and when a capable neighborhood organization is willing to take the lead." Roy Innes, the head of CORE, goes a step further. When asked to comment on the Goetz case, Innes went so far as to suggest that Black religious leaders should be armed and deputized. Innes, whose sons fell victims of urban violence, knows better than the police or social agencies what life is like for the decent majority of the inner city who are the prey of an all-too-sizable minority. Armed Black preachers patrolling the streets may not be quite what Lavrakas and Curtis have in mind, but I can only say *amen*. cc

Preventing Crime

A Conversation With Paul J. Lavrakas of The Center for Urban Affairs and Policy Research at Manhattan University

CC: One of the really wholesome things about your research is the fact that you are looking at the community rather than the political system for solutions to the problem of urban crime.

PJL: Lynn Curtis refers to this as an above-level philosophy, as opposed to the traditional public policy in this area, which has been a "trickle-down" philosophy. The average intelligent citizen who reads the *New York Times* consistently gets bombarded by the notion that the solution lies in government policy. Not only is that not the best way, but it certainly isn't the only way. I come from a very traditional family—my father's a naval officer, and the notion of discipline and service was instilled in me. Those things *are* important, but there are things which liberals embrace that also are important, that make us more human—this notion of caring, for example.

CC: Is caring really a left-wing issue, I wonder? It's true that if you look at the formal ideology of the right wing of the Republican Party and the formal ideology of the left wing of the Democratic Party, liberal Democrats say they are the party of compassion whereas the Republicans are the party of self-reliance and competition. But if you look just at ordinary people—conservative people, not conservative politicians—they display a good deal of compassion and do not limit their charity to within their family, neighborhood, and community, nor to writing a check to the United Way. On the other hand, many aggressive liberals out to save the world in public would never lift a finger to help a sick neighbor.

PJL: You're exactly right. The rhetoric is often confusing and superficial. In the late 70's we conducted a series of studies and looked at why people engage in anticrime activities. What we concluded was that socioeconomic status highly correlates with what people do against crime. If you are on the higher levels of the socioeconomic status ladder, you have more time to volunteer, you're acculturated in that mentality. And that is one of the reasons why suburbs showed a more proactive "nip it in the bud" approach to crime prevention. They were able to marshal responses much more quickly than inner-city areas. But in inner-city Chicago neighborhoods these people do need *help* from the outside, but the *answers* aren't going to come from the outside. They can make significant progress over the next 10-20 years, if you provide them some basic assistance—not enough so that they become dependent on it. In the 70's millions of dollars were spent on anticrime programs. In a sense, the money was so easily forthcoming to some of these organizations that it killed them. They became too dependent on the government.

The Illinois Criminal Justice Authority Commission is holding hearings to decide how to spend the four or five million dollars the state is going to get from the Feds on criminal justice and anticrime programs. Most of the people who were there on the day I testified were saying we need a rape center, we need a spouse–abuse center, we need a gang–prevention unit, we need a drug center. My point was—and I think the commissioner didn't know what to do with it—that they should cut that money up into a lot of little pieces; give local groups the opportunity to have some support. The groups must, at the same time, show that they have some resources, enough that additional funds will finally make it possible to do something. I feel sure, by the way, that isn't the way the money is going to be spent.

Most of our anticrime resources are allocated according to the "trickle-down" philosophy. The National Sheriffs Association, for example, has been promoting the Neighborhood Watch program since the early 1970's. In some instances, local police departments have been able to organize communities around the crime issue and keep a Neighborhood Watch program going for a few years. But more often than not, the program goes nowhere. The police go out and contact someone in the neighborhood, who invites neighbors from all around. They have one meeting; they sort of get together and say, "Yea, we're gonna do something." The police officer leaves and nothing happens. The effort fails because crime in most communities is not an ever-present phenomenon. The more successful programs that actually do get people involved are usually part of some existing organization, a general effort to improve the quality of life. At some point crime becomes an issue and thus crime prevention is put on their agenda.

We have a local group in southeast Evanston called the Southeast Evanston Neighbors, which covers about a mile-square. The group was formed over some incidents of theft. But right up front it was clear that theft wasn't going to be the sole issue. Since then they have become involved very closely with efforts to revitalize the business community. The streets of the commercial strip have been repaved and new lighting has gone in. Parks are cleaned up. The reason that this group has survived, I believe now for five years, is this multipurpose focus.

When we look to see where valuable

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anticrime activities occur, a lot of times they are just a part of some social-action group at a church or the local PTA. What our research is suggesting then is that police departments would make better use of their time if they went out to churches and to PTA's and encouraged those people to put anticrime issues on their agendas.

CC: Isn't it part of a widespread problem now to assume that we're not responsible for our lives—for our families, our communities, or anything else but that we should let the government do it?

PJL: We face the same problem in education. We say, why aren't the schools educating our children? We know that good schools are important, but ultimately it's the parents who matter most. The correlation between achievement of a child and the quality of a school is less than the correlation between the achievement of the child and the quality of the parenting of that child. There is a useful parallel in the medical profession. We've finally started to see a younger crop of doctors, who are beginning to say that our health depends on what you and I do at home and what our families do. When things go wrong, we have doctors and hospitals. I see the direct parallel with crime. Yes, we need good police departments; we need more prisons (and I do believe we need more prisons). But, that's not going to solve the problem for us.

CC: You bring up this analogy with medicine. Isn't much of the language of criminal justice derived from the idea of therapy?

PJL: That was especially prevalent in the sphere of corrections. We went through the phase that persons had to be humane and that you were going to cure the offender. We found that either the programs that tried to cure the offender never worked or were never implemented. By the late 70's you started hearing people say that the purpose of prison was to detain—to take people out of commission and forget this notion of rehabilitation. That rehabilitation, if it works, is fine, but that isn't really what our mandate is. Our mandate and our bottom line is that we're going to keep you people out of commission. . . .

There are times when the offense is so horrendous that there's nothing short of life imprisonment. The person has given up his right to freedom for the rest of his life. Personally, in an ideal way I'm not comfortable with the notion of killing people. But we have to have prisons and there are many thousands of offenders that have to be sent to prison.

CC: What would you do with multiple offenders who continue to kill, even when they are in prison?

PJL: There has to be some facility that is secure. I don't know, I wonder whether we will get to the point of putting the ball and chain back on. But again, people like that are a small distribution of offenders.

CC: But that's what people are most afraid of—the lunatic, compulsive killer.

PJL: There's been a lot of psychological research on how people cope with victimization. We're all much more afraid of being killed by a stranger than by our wife or husband, even though we are more likely to be murdered by someone known to us. But we interpret the unpredictability of strangers as a threat. And that's probably why whites are so nervous around Blacks. Most whites haven't been around Blacks to know that they are human beings too.

CC: Fear of the unknown may explain what seem to be greater racial tensions in the North than in the South. In his essay "Below the Smith and Wesson Line," John Shelton Reed pointed out to what extent violence in the South occurred between people who knew each other. In the old days, I suppose, many of our personal disagreements would have been settled by an informal bargaining process.

PJL: There are attempts to formalize the process by neighborhood resolution centers that are being set up. Given the fact that we have 250 million people in this country, we are going to have a large number of people who go out of control and must be kept away from the rest of us. But the fact that a less punitive and more caring community-based program might not work for that type of offender doesn't mean that the program is wrong.

CC: Should we base all of our social controls on the 5 or 10 percent minority who simply can't live in a civilized society? Is it right then to inflict a police state upon ourselves because of a tiny minority?

PJL: I see clearly that that's a point I should have tried to make—what is the price we are going to pay for our security? But unless we are willing to put in the effort ourselves, the alternative is a police state—that I don't believe we want. cc

LIBERAL ARTS

Closet to Classroom

The leaders of America's largest scholarly organization, the Modern Language Association, no longer spend all their time explicating Shakespeare or Goethe. Occasionally, some compelling social or political issue tears them away from the library and lecture hall. Such was the case recently when the Supreme Court decided to rule on the constitutionality of the Helms statute, an Oklahoma law permitting school districts to dismiss teachers found "advocating, soliciting, imposing, encouraging, or promoting public or private homosexual activity." Alarmed at Oklahoma's attempt to suppress "the open and unbiased examination in textbooks, [and] in the classroom . . . of lesbian and gay experience in literature" the MLA Executive Council announced that it would defend academic freedom by filing an *amicus* brief against the statute. (Exactly how a bias against civilization's normative traditions makes a teacher "unbiased" is a semantic problem these philologists left unresolved.) Given that middle America shares the views on homosexuality expressed by Plato in *The Laws* and Saint Paul in Romans, the MLA could be in for tough sledding on this one.

But there's good news. In a recent survey of press coverage of MLA activities, the *MLA Newsletter* was pleased to report that, despite nasty attacks in *The New Criterion*, recent study sessions on gay studies and women's studies received "a positive review" in the *Gay Studies Newsletter*. And to think, not so long ago, Gay scholarship in the MLA meant studies of *The Beggar's Opera*. cc

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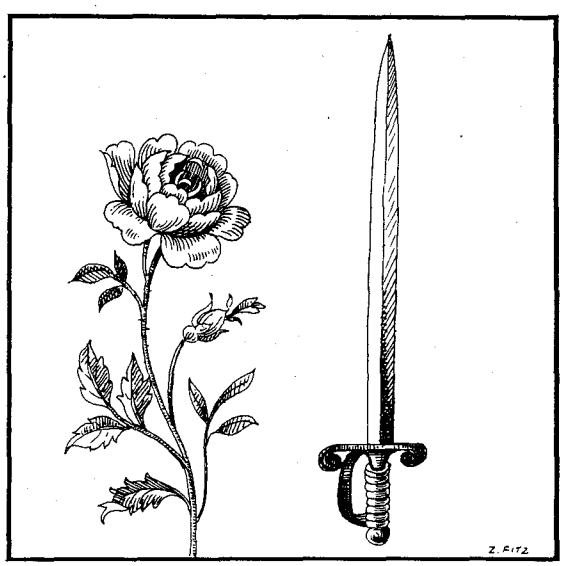
Men of Parts *by David Hallman*

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."
—William Shakespeare
Henry VIII

***A Southern Renascence Man: Views of Robert Penn Warren*; Edited by Walter B. Edgar; Louisiana State University Press; Baton Rouge, LA.**

***Selected Essays of John Crowe Ransom*; Edited by Thomas Daniel Young and John Hindle; Louisiana State University Press; Baton Rouge, LA.**

That most aristocratic of literary roles, the career as man of letters, has proved especially congenial to the Southern intellectual in the 20th century. The title of one of these two volumes—*A Southern Renascence Man*—describes the role: the writer as a Renaissance man, a man of parts, a complete personality grounded in and developed out of the many facets of the literary life. The man of letters transcends the specialized focuses of the novelist, the poet, the critic. Instead the term implies almost a gentlemanly and "amateurish"—in that word's pure sense of a labor of love—devotion to the broader craft of writing, but in modern times raised to a professional level. If it seems an outmoded ideal in an age in which everything from football to politics, from academic sub-disciplines to television, seems reduced to specialized role-playing, it may be perhaps revealing that the man of letters should have flourished so noticeably in our most conservative region. Two recent collections of essays by or about John Crowe Ransom and Robert Penn Warren suggest that the phenomenon may not be accidental.



The very notion of our man of letters as a cultural spokesman is essentially European, of course; and it is striking to look back to Ransom's 1930 essay contribution to the Southern Agrarian manifesto *I'll Take My Stand*, in which he defiantly notes the kinship of spirit: "The South is unique on this continent," he writes, "for having founded and defended a culture which was according to the European principles of culture; and the European principles had better look to the South if they are to be perpetuated in this country." The model was defined for us back in the 18th century by Dr. Johnson, journalist, essayist, poet, lexicographer, novelist *manqué*, and general cultural arbiter. On the continent, the role was assumed by Goethe, and later in England by Coleridge, Arnold and, in this century, by G. K. Chesterton and C. S. Lewis. All of them served the community of letters in a variety of ways, transcending their particular fame as poets, critics, or novelists, and thus set standards for what is probably the most civilized and humane of intellectual pursuits.

The professional man of letters, as opposed to the gentleman dilettante, developed later in America. Washington Irving, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, William Dean Howells, and Henry Adams all played the part as the American culture matured, but with the flowering of modernist literature in the 20th century the role began to have difficulty finding the players. By very definition, it is difficult to define the man of letters. T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, for instance, are probably as important for their critical and editorial influences as for their imaginative works, yet both are indelibly imprinted in our awareness as poets. William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, and James Joyce have been acclaimed by history as novelists and short-story writers, although all wrote poetry (very bad in the Americans' case) and Hemingway's best work is arguably his nonfiction. And so on. But it is curious that out of one group of important Southern conservatives five significant writers—Ransom, Warren, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson and Andrew Lytle—can lay claim to the man of letters label in its highest sense. Those writers, all associated with the Fugitive poets and the Vanderbilt Agrarians of the 1930's, in their various roles as poets, novelists, critics, social philosophers, historians, teachers, and editors, have probably contributed more than any other group to shaping the serious literary intelligence of modern American culture. Of comparable importance among their contemporaries, we can perhaps point only to the overrated Edmund Wilson and the wonderfully humane and sensitive Lionel Trilling. Perhaps the phenomenon can be explained by the Agrarians' philosophical insistence on the whole man as an ideal; the scholar cloistered in his library and involved only in a professional labor cannot bring to bear the complete experience of life to his work. Whatever the secret, though, the end result is notable.

The Selected Essays of John Crowe Ransom, edited by his biographer Thomas Daniel Young and John Hindle, illustrates the range of Ransom's achievement as a critic and essayist, and by implication as teacher and editor. The essays, most of them long out of print or scattered individually in various literary nooks and crannies, have been chosen to give a chronological review of Ransom's long career in this mode. Beginning as teacher and poet at Vanderbilt, he began leading the Agrarian agitations of the 1930's and, after laying down his Agrarian arms, moved north to Kenyon College, founded *The Kenyon Review*, and named and defined for us

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the "New Criticism." The book covers the full range, from some early *Fugitive* editorials through an "Aesthetic of Regionalism" to his enormously influential essays on criticism and poetry.

Much of Ransom's criticism seems problematic today, especially those essays in which he is trying to explain the nature of poetry and arrives, characteristically, at a dualistic vision. His famous distinction between the *structure* of poetry (its paraphrasable, logical argument, or content) and *texture* (the poem's "irrelevant" assortment of local "things" and of technical and linguistic acts of virtuosity which give it aesthetic appeal; science, for instance, has no "texture") appears dated and inadequate now, especially in the face of Ransom's own verse which seems more timeless with each passing year. Ransom's critical theorizing is often speculative and philosophical, and one searches with frustration for some discourse which will explain the unique effects of his own poetry, for example, the exquisite irony of the deceptively simple "Janet Waking"—

> It was a transmogrifying bee
> Came droning down on Chucky's
> old bald head
> And sat and put the poison. It
> scarcely bled,
> But how exceedingly
> And purply did the knot
> Swell with the venom and com-
> municate
> Its rigor! Now the comb stood up
> straight
> But Chucky did not.

—or the horrible last lines of "Captain Carpenter," arguably the most affectively "ugly" passage in modern poetry:

> The Curse of hell upon the sleek
> upstart
> That got the Captain finally on
> his back
> And took the red red vitals of his
> heart
> And made the kites to whet their
> beaks clack clack.

In the first, notice the poet's manipulation of metrical effects, and the very Ransomic "transmogrifying," meaning to transform in a grotesque or absurd fashion. The word jars, and appearing almost exactly in the middle of this slight poem "transmogrifies" the piece from its apparently sentimental observation about the loss of a child's pet to a disturbing intimation of mortality. But Ransom uses both senses of the word to preclude any inappropriately emotional response by the reader; the grotesqueness of the pet chicken's death is rendered in a whimsical, if compassionate tone, and the reader is left with a sense of the whole absurdity and pathos of the mortal coil. I suppose that these effects, like the vicious alliteration and heavy stresses in the "Captain Carpenter" verse, are partly what Ransom means by "texture," but his theoretical dichotomy hardly seems to explain the cooperative interplay of the various parts of the poems, what Tate called their "tension." He is more convincing when he argues the case for poetry as a means of cognition; as opposed to science, which is incomplete because it is rational and utilitarian, poetry —as a "precious object" to be valued without regard to its usefulness —offers a vision of life as a whole with the inexplicable mysteries to be experienced as immediately and vividly as those Cartesian certainties of abstract scientific discourse. These insights are very close to his Agrarian aesthetic and are, I believe, in touch with the pulse of art.

The common academic factor is an important link among the members of the Southern group. Not only were all educated at the same school at about the same time—before or just after World War I—but all five made careers of teaching and, with the exception of Donald Davidson, edited important journals associated with academic sponsors. In these dual roles, they were able to exert cultural influences far beyond their commercial audiences and become—like Freud and Einstein—intellectual forces felt by those who had never even read them. For instance, if Ransom inspired and largely defined the "New Critical" literary attitude, his students spread the gospel. And no one is more important in this respect than Robert Penn Warren.

A Southern Renascence Man is a slight collection of essays intended as a tribute to Warren in all his aspects as man of letters. The essays by Louis D. Rubin Jr., Harold Bloom, James Dickey, Madison Jones, and Thomas L. Connelly treat Warren variously as poet, novelist, historian, and critic. The book is perhaps only another stone on the heap of critical attention Warren has been receiving of late, but implicit in the collection is a recognition of the author as probably our preeminent living man of letters, a man whom Allen Tate called "the most gifted person I have ever known."

Warren's career is made up of an especially fascinating variety of roles. He entered Vanderbilt at the age of 16 from a small town in Kentucky, planning to study chemical engineering. But he enjoyed Ransom as his freshman English teacher and studied under Davidson his sophomore year; in the meantime he fell in with other students like Tate and Lytle, became the youngest member of the Fugitive group, and the die was cast. Like Ransom, Warren graduated first in his class and later won a Rhodes Scholarship. At the age of 24, he published a biography of the abolitionist John Brown, and the next year contributed an essay to *I'll Take My Stand*. In the 50-odd years that have followed, Warren has published some of our best poetry and criticism, some of our most successful novels, with Cleanth Brooks helped to found and edit the influential *Southern Review*, edited the landmark textbook *Understanding Poetry*, and taught at several leading universities. Along the way, he has collected three Pulitzer Prizes, two for poetry and one for the novel *All the King's Men*, and almost every other important literary honor except the Nobel. And yet, for all its brilliance, Warren's career has posed problems for his critics and admirers.

Over the past few years, Warren the poet has been on a roll, so to speak. As his novelistic muse seemed to lose its imaginative power, he has returned in an astonishing burst of late creativity to his first love of poetry. For all their popularity, Warren's novels—even the ubiquitous *All the King's Men*—have always seemed to me flawed and ultimately unsatisfactory. The weakness for melodramatic overreach and—especially in the later fiction, as Madison Jones notes here—the tendency to subvert the fiction to philosophical discourse have kept his novels beneath the lofty Olympian range that Faulkner dominates in

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American fiction. But as poet, and almost as emphatically as critic, Warren writes from that same peak. He is an immensely learned writer, and strangely his narrative and lyrical talents find a more congenial outlet in verse than fiction, while his erudition and literary sensitivity make him an almost ideal commentator on a range of works from Coleridge, Faulkner, and Hemingway to John Greenleaf Whittier and Theodore Dreiser. His poetry, which he began publishing as an undergraduate Fugitive over 60 years ago, has developed its own unique voice, modern but often folksy, learned and difficult but sometimes deliberately vulgar and crude, and humane but often horrifying in its insistence on looking into the abyss. From the early "Ballad of Billie Potts" through *Brother to Dragons* from his mid-career to the poems he is still publishing regularly, Warren deals with the complexities of the human condition with as much perspicacity as any writer of our time.

It may be relevant here that Warren is quoted in Louis Rubin's excellent essay on his criticism that he is not a "professional critic," that a "real critic, like Cleanth Brooks or I. A. Richards, has a system" while he approaches literature as a mere reader engaged in a kind of personal social activity. If this disclaimer seems slightly disingenuous in the light of his achievement, it is certainly the stamp of the man of letters. One way to measure the stature of these two literary men—Ransom and Warren—is to look for a comparable figure from our contemporary generation. Perhaps John Updike fills the multiple role more ambitiously than any one else among the younger writers; but while Updike's critical essays, tucked into the back pages of *The New Yorker*, are intelligent and often elegant, and his poetry attractive if not strikingly original, his fiction seems a prisoner to the lowest common denominator of the American middle-class. In an age of simplistic specialization, we may wait long for the genuinely well-rounded writer of many parts to appear again. cc

Breast-Beating and Myth-Exploding *by John S. Monagan*

"What the majority of men call peace is only a word; in fact the natural condition of one state to another is undeclared war."

—Plato

***Arms Control: Myth Versus Reality*; Edited by Richard Staar; Hoover Institution Press; Stanford, CA.**

I. M. Destler, Leslie H. Gelb, and Anthony Lake: *Our Own Worst Enemy: The Unmaking of American Foreign Policy*; Simon & Schuster; New York.

The wavering course of United States foreign policy and our fumbling initiatives in the world's trouble spots have turned a brighter spotlight upon governmental decision-making in this vital area. Our performances in Iran, Lebanon, and Nicaragua have raised questions about the capacity of our open government to deal with these recurring problems. And neither our relative success in Grenada (Notre Dame vs. the Little Sisters of the Poor) nor the Russian embroilment in Afghanistan has lessened concern about our method of developing and carrying out our national strategies.

Looking back over our recent past, the authors of *Our Own Worst Enemy* have concluded that "for two decades now, not only our government but our whole society has been undergoing a systemic breakdown when attempting to fashion a coherent and consistent approach to the world." As a result, our power to influence events has declined and we are "taken less seriously (by our friends as well as our adversaries) than at any time since World War II."

This "unmaking of American foreign policy" became critical during the Vietnam War and the "opening up of American society and institutions in the sixties and seventies." Presidents, it is asserted, have increasingly played domestic politics with foreign policy decisions. The Congress has disregarded its traditional jurisdiction, broadened its participation in delicate policy matters, and heightened its irresponsibility. A new "Professional Elite" of experts has succeeded the Eastern, consensus-oriented "Establishment." Led by National Security Assistants, the White House force (aptly dubbed "Courtiers") has grown in strength and has feuded with the "Barons" of Foggy Bottom with mounting success.

The authors have properly noted the effect of the general cultural revolution of recent years. Even such a hitherto stable institution as the Roman Catholic Church is now divided into orthodox, conservative, and reform wings. Deregulation has thrown business into turmoil; sexual *mores* and racial relations have been radically altered. It is not surprising that governmental practices should be unsettled. The question is how to get back to stability.

Presidents Eisenhower and Truman left foreign policy problems pretty much to Secretaries Dulles and Acheson, but their successors abandoned this judicious position. Kennedy became impatient at the cautious pace of career diplomats and started the trend toward activist, White House control, sending his merry men roving through the State Department until Dean Rusk cried out in anguish. Kennedy's assessment of State was: "They're not queer, but, well, they're something like Adlai."

Succeeding Presidents sought even more control. Nixon and Carter elevated Kissinger and Brzezinski to official equality and practical superiority over Secretaries Rogers and Vance.

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This led to bureaucratic bloodletting, fuzzy lines of command, and doubt as to who spoke for the Chief. Destler, Gelb, and Lake are on solid ground when they support the primacy of the Secretary of State. They argue that the National Security Assistant must keep his activities and advice private and not grandstand for the benefit of the media.

Neither Congress nor the media have done much to contribute to a sensible foreign policy. Legislators have gotten involved in details of policy execution and exploited issues rather than clarifying them. The media have become "infused with the adversary culture" and amplified the exaggerations made in Congress. This is a harsh judgment, but largely justified. Certainly, Capitol Hill has been eagerly inclined to follow domestic special pleaders in such cases as Israeli expansionism and Turkish aid. But on the other hand, Congress has performed creditably in focusing on the tragedy of Vietnam and the stupidity of mining harbors in Nicaragua. In the final analysis, too, on Grenada, Lebanon, intelligence matters, and (previously) in Vietnam, Congress has been remarkably cautious in acting counter to the President.

"The authors paint an important part of the political picture in bold strokes and with telling effects."

The New York Times Book Review

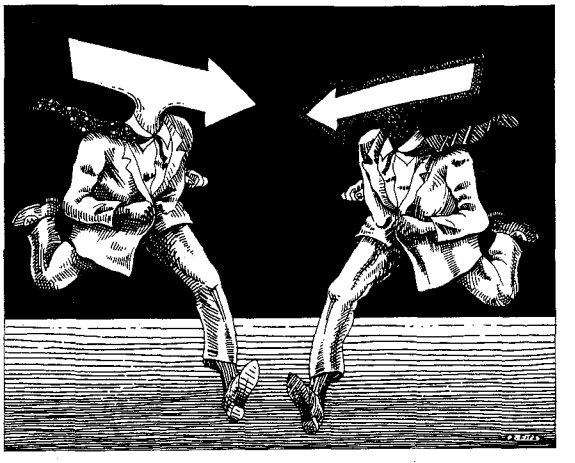
Perhaps inevitably, when it comes down to brass tacks, the authors' specific recommendations lack bite or sanction. Ideology and polarization, they say, should be reduced and partisanship cut back. Congressional staffs should be reduced and depoliticized. All true, but how are these reforms to be realized? Their hopes for the future lie in the mass of educated, nonpolitical citizens who inhabit the center of the political stage, but are disorganized. Presidents, they hope, will see self-interest in statesmanship. Is it significant, one wonders, that Adlai Stevenson, whom they quote as an advocate of mobilizing thinking citizens by "talking sense to the American people," lost two Presidential elections?

Two hopeful signs have appeared on the horizon. First, Secretary Shultz achieved control over a very diverse delegation, including Robert McFarlane and Richard Perle, at the Geneva talks. This could be the beginning of happier relations between Barons and Courtiers. Second, there is a rising tide of opinion which postulates the need for a return to party responsibility and reliable and acknowledged leadership in the Congress—a development devoutly to be wished for and one which could bring back sound policy-making and supportable policies.

Arms Control: Myth Versus Reality is a collection of discussions by 22 of the 60 participants who took part in a symposium on this critical subject at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace in 1983. The myth is that real arms control is feasible. The reality is that we are not faring well in our competition with the Russians in armaments and military strength and possible agreements would probably redound to the benefit of our opponents, especially without foolproof verification and monitoring.

The views of the contributors range from hostility to any discussions to resigned acceptance. They are agreed that the United States should reenter the field of strategic defense and should fund the development of defense technology as well as offensive weapons. This, of course, puts them squarely in support of President Reagan's "Star Wars" proposal and in opposition to the main concern of Gromyko and his brethren who seek to limit adventures in outer space. If one could assume the existence of an invulnerable umbrella, there would be logic in resorting to such a mechanism; but given its expense, its intangibility, and its opening up of a new level of escalation, it is doubtful that it will provide a serious initiative except as a bargaining chip. In fact, the Hoover group's proposals provide a potent brief for the Administration's claims.

Some of the commentators question the fidelity of the U.S.S.R. in adhering to treaties already entered into and the reliability of their performance of any new agreements and, while it is inconceivable that the Kremlin would not test the very limit of permitted legality, at least some blame for conflicting interpretations of the ABM treaty, for example, must be laid to the ambiguity of the document. The more



hard-line experts scorn the entry into any agreement while the less obdurate, emphasizing that such negotiations may be "cosmetic" rather than substantial, recognize their necessity but with the strictest provisions for inspection of compliance. The latter might well approve Lyndon Johnson's prescription for dealing with the Russians. "I approach them," he said, "with my hand out but my guard up."

Whether or not one can accept its proposals in their entirety, this collection edited by Richard F. Staar performs a signal service in providing cautionary material to moderate the expectations of the public both at home and abroad. With the differences of traditions and objectives between the contending parties, results will not be immediate and will be necessarily modest. The point to be made now is that the Russians have determined that it is in their national interest to cut the costs of their adventurism and the new talks provide an opportunity which cannot be disregarded. In the triple division of negotiations, some areas appear promising. Nevertheless, the technicalities, prejudices, and conflicting elements must be understood and it is to this understanding that the Hoover commentators have made such a substantial and arresting contribution. ∞

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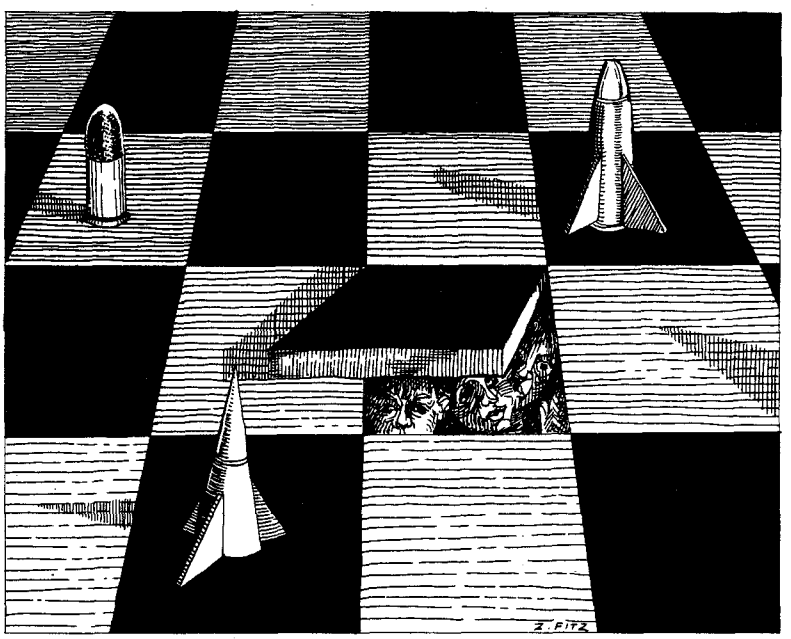
EAST-WEST TALKS IN VIENNA *by Richard F. Staar*

The title of these reminiscences avoids the word "negotiations," because the latter implies some form of compromise. During my service as head of the U.S. delegation to the Mutual and Balanced Force Reduction (MBFR) talks in Vienna during 1981-83, I learned that the East does not operate on the premise of "give and take" and has a completely different approach to arms control from the West. Sitting across the table, week after week, provided some perspective on the Byzantine mentality of Soviet and East European representatives. A rereading of George Orwell's novel *1984* is helpful in understanding the kind of behavior which is based on political warfare. "Inversions of truth" frequently were put forward, without any embarrassment whatsoever, by our opposite numbers.



Twelve NATO member delegations faced seven from the Warsaw Treaty Organization (WTO), an alliance directed by the U.S.S.R., which not only serves as the secretariat for the East but also originates all so-called initiatives. Only one deviation occurred during my tour of duty, when the Rumanian representative addressed a plenary MBFR session (on instructions from Bucharest) without prior Soviet clearance. All other heads of delegations from Eastern Europe had received their diplomatic training in the U.S.S.R. and spoke fluent Russian, used as the *lingua franca* by WTO representatives in Vienna. One of them was born during World War II in Kuibyshev, to which his parents had been evacuated when the Germans approached Moscow; the Soviet wife of another supervised contacts between bloc wives and their Western counterparts; a third had dropped out of medical school (after which there is a gap of several years in his biography); the sole bachelor finally married a foreign ministry employee while on leave, only to see her posted to Lisbon; and the fifth kept a spouse back in his home country.

The man who nominally headed the U.S.S.R. delegation reminded me in many ways of the late Nikita S. Khrushchev. As a career diplomat with two tours of duty at the Soviet embassy in Washington, D.C., and work on the American desk in Moscow, he considered himself an expert in United States history. One of his stories concerned an alleged debate between Abraham Lincoln and his opponent for the Presidency, Al Smith. This campaign supposedly took place during Prohibition. Smith accused Lincoln of breaking the law by drinking in his (Smith's) saloon. Lincoln confessed to the charge. However, he claimed that he had given up drinking, although Smith still operated the saloon. On this basis, Lincoln won the election. The Soviet ambassador was sober when he told the story.

The real head of the U.S.S.R. delegation appeared to be the military advisor who held the rank of colonel. He alone lived in a Vienna apartment, whereas all others resided at the Park Hotel about 20 miles south of the capital in Baden. If the West brought up anything important during the informal sessions, the Soviet ambassador would make an impromptu statement and then look at the colonel for a nod of approval. On occasion, the colonel would respond in an authoritative manner, although the question may have been addressed to his nominal superior or one of the other bloc representatives.

These so-called informal meetings took place once per week, with three delegation heads and their military advisors from each side. The ritual included six alternating statements read slowly, so that they could be written down verbatim. At the end of every paper, questions would be entertained for the purpose of clarifying points or adding information. After all six speakers had completed their presentations, time was available for discussion. On one occasion, the East gave us a prepared list of questions which required extensive research and coordination. After answering them, we gave the East our own set of queries on the same subject. No answers ever came from Moscow. So much for reciprocity!

The formal weekly sessions in the Redoutensaal of the Hofburg (where the 1815 Congress of Vienna had been held) each Thursday morning were called plenary meetings. They were attended by all 19 ambassadors as well as most of their professional staffs. Copies of speeches, delivered for the record, would be distributed in one of the four official languages: English, French, German, Russian. Simultaneous interpretation came through earphones. (I happened to be presiding at a plenary when news of Brezhnev's death came via the wire services. The Soviet

Ambassador Staar is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace of Stanford University. His most recent book, U.S.S.R. Foreign Policies After Détente, *will appear in May 1985.*

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delegation head gave me a note asking that an announcement be made, which was done.)

Following each plenary session, the press conference served the East as a platform for propaganda purposes. Either the TASS or the *Pravda* correspondent would ask a question of the Western spokesman and would then engage his colleague in a conversation without listening to the answer. Their dispatches already had been filed, more often than not reporting only the Warsaw Pact plenary address. The unjustified diatribe against the Federal Republic of Germany on 6 December 1984 was reminiscent of an attack on the United States for allegedly prepositioning nuclear weapons in Norway—a completely false accusation. Eastern, neutral, and Western media sent representatives to these press conferences. Some of them would consciously or perhaps unwittingly pick up and report such communist information as if it were legitimate news.

The West also met with its counterparts under more relaxed conditions. After arrival in 1981 at Vienna, protocol dictated that I call upon each of the ambassadors to MBFR. There followed a round of welcoming dinners and receptions. The United States representative reciprocated by serving only California wine and local cheese, a break with the tradition of liquor plus expensive canapews. On certain of these occasions, the Soviets would transmit messages, like the one in late September 1982 that there would be no agreement at the MBFR talks, because the U.S. allegedly was attempting to undermine the worldwide military balance.

One of the East European delegation heads approached me after dinner in his residence with an offer to serve as intermediary for American messages to the Soviet ambassador. After all, the host said, his country had a historic tradition as a bridge between East and West. The U.S. delegation never took advantage of this opportunity. Most of the Warsaw Pact representatives, at one time or another, asked how long we would remain in Vienna. When they learned that Stanford University gave only two years leave-of-absence for public service, each one assured us that we would have an agreement before departure.

Although MBFR commenced in October 1973, no draft treaty had ever been submitted by NATO. About nine months after our arrival in Vienna, such a document received approval by the North Atlantic Council in Brussels and was presented to the East on 8 July 1982 at a plenary session in the Hofburg. The Soviet ambassador made an impromptu comment, for the record, that the draft agreement represented "a step in the right direction." He returned from Moscow in September, following the summer recess, and never repeated that remark.

The West's draft treaty included a concession to the Warsaw Pact original demand that the agreement specify the number of troops to be withdrawn or demobilized by each direct participant. Blank spaces would be filled in, once both sides had agreed to sign. NATO then called upon the East to help solve the other remaining issues: data and associated measures. The West's major concession required the Warsaw Pact seriously to address one or both of the other problems. So we thought.

Data, meaning numbers of all armed forces in the reduction area of Central Europe (Belgium, the Federal Republic of Germany, Luxembourg, the Netherlands in the West; Czechoslovakia, the German Democratic Republic, Poland in the East), could not be agreed upon by the two sides. Although an official exchange of figures had taken place in 1980, the Warsaw Pact claimed it had 160,000 fewer ground troops than NATO intelligence reported to be stationed there. By 1985, because of the East's steady buildup, this discrepancy has risen to about 200,000 men. Logically, the sides must agree upon force levels before any reductions can take place.

Associated measures include those of a confidence-building as well as verification nature. The West's draft treaty included seven specific proposals dealing with prenotification of maneuvers, a quota for inspections, observation posts at exit/entry points, and noninterference with reconnaissance satellites, among others. The East always has phrased any reference to such measures in the vaguest possible terms, claiming that intrusiveness should be commensurate with the size of reductions and might be negotiated later. This was applicable to the WTO proposals of 17 February and 23 June 1982. In neither one would monitoring apply to the reduction process itself, that is, actual removal of troops.

NATO delegations repeatedly called upon the East to establish working groups, with specialists from both sides who would reconcile the disparity in troop strengths and agree upon methods for verification. In other words, we repeatedly offered the Warsaw Pact an opportunity to discuss (1) what was being counted or not counted by each side; and (2) how the various associated measures would operate in practice. Our counterparts rejected the concept of working groups, which suggests that the U.S.S.R. had something to hide. On-call inspections obviously would reveal the sustained modernization and expansion of Soviet weapons systems being deployed in Eastern Europe.

The major concession embodied in the Western draft treaty was completely ignored during a full year of talks. Rather than make the next move, as is customary for international negotiations, the East conducted a systematic campaign of criticism which saw nothing positive in the NATO document. Frequently, extraneous "red herrings" were introduced by the Soviets, who liked to cite from *Der Spiegel*, although not always accurately. At long last, on 21 July 1983, an Eastern spokesman at the weekly press conference rejected the West's draft treaty as the basis for any agreement in Vienna. It had never been offered as a "take it or leave it" proposition, although he did not mention that.

The history of arms control indicates that concession after concession will not result in an equitable and verifiable agreement with the U.S.S.R. Obviously, one can be reached in Vienna, if the West were to accept on faith Eastern figures for troop strengths in the Warsaw Pact reduction zone and only superficial *ex post facto* inspection measures. This is, of course, exactly what the Soviets and their allies have demanded. "Give us a signal that you are serious about these talks," they would repeat over and over again. The NATO draft treaty was not so regarded. A major concession was disqualified, because that is what the East had demanded from the beginning of the talks. As usual,

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the reasoning did not have to be logical.

In order to prove that the West is indeed peace-loving and to keep the Vienna forum alive, NATO subsequently came up with a major initiative to break the deadlock over data. The East had refused in December 1983 to set a time for the next round of talks, thus breaking them off, as already had been done with INF and START in Geneva. MBFR did resume in mid-March 1984, only after the United States secretary of state met with the Soviet foreign minister in Stockholm. As if in response to the walkout, the West dropped its requirement for exact figures on Warsaw Pact forces.

This occurred on 19 April 1984 when NATO delegations proposed the following: (1) an exchange of data only on ground combat and combat support forces, excluding ground combat service support elements and air force personnel; (2) reliance upon Eastern figures within an "acceptable range" of the West's data estimates, rather than full agreement on precise figures; and (3) that the exchange be preceded by agreement on definitions of new categories under which data would be broken down, altering the framework for counting forces on both sides. This proposal underwent detailed explanation over the next three-month period in Vienna.

When the talks resumed, after the summer break, no positive response came from the East. Instead, according to a U.S.S.R. press release, on 15 November 1984 the head of the Soviet delegation made the following statement:

> The NATO April proposal not only doesn't remove previous obstacles barring progress but also erects additional ones. It does not lead to an agreement. The materialization of it would bring about accelerating the arms race and new difficulties rather than lowering military confrontation and improving the situation in Europe.

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Another flat rejection of an offer to negotiate, followed by a *non sequitur*! The same attitude can be expected, if the West next offers to retreat from mandatory verification and other binding associated measures.

Apart from the manpower predominance in Central Europe, which the East will not acknowledge, there exists a geographic disparity. The U.S.S.R. is located only 360 to 420 miles from the border between the two Germanys; the continental United States is more than 3,500 miles from there. In the event of an agreement, this would mean moving American armed forces across an ocean, approximately 10 times farther away. Yet another problem has to do with firepower, where the East already had achieved an overall superiority of 3.3 to 1 over the West two years ago. These are facts that must be recognized.

In general, it appears that the Soviet Union does not want an equitable treaty which would open up its forward positions in the reduction area to NATO inspection. Maintaining a cloak of secrecy over its military buildup increases the opportunity for blackmail potential against Western Europe. The U.S.S.R. can threaten the Federal Republic of Germany with mass annihilation, as it did most recently before the March 1983 national elections in that country. Apparently intimidated, the opposition social democrats (SPD) have decided to remove Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles from West Germany, if they win the next election. That would further the Soviet objective of decoupling the United States from Western Europe and probably bring about the collapse of NATO.

All of this might remind us of the third Punic War between Rome and Carthage for control over the Mediterranean. By 149 B.C., the two powers had nearly 100 years of hot and cold war behind them. At this point the Carthaginians decided to sue for peace. Their opponents opened the talks with a demand that 300 children from the noblest families be sent to Rome as a token of good faith. If Carthage complied, its freedom and independence would be guaranteed. The hostages were sent to Rome.

Then came the next demand: surrender of all weapons and engines of war, both public and private. The Romans received complete armor for 200,000 men, including all warships in the navy. Finally, the ultimatum: "Yield Carthage to us and betake yourselves where you like within your own territory at a distance of ten miles from the sea, for we are resolved to raze your city to the ground." In desperation, the Carthaginians declared war. For three years, they fought with makeshift weapons and resisted the siege. In the end the Romans took Carthage, obliterated the city, and sold all survivors into slavery.

There are lessons to be learned from history. A proaccommodation faction of Carthaginians argued that Rome's appetite for conquest had been satiated and, moreover, the empire needed an end to the protracted conflict due to domestic problems. History records that the Roman empire did indeed collapse under the weight of internal contradictions. By the time this happened, five centuries later, it was of no comfort to the Carthaginians. cc

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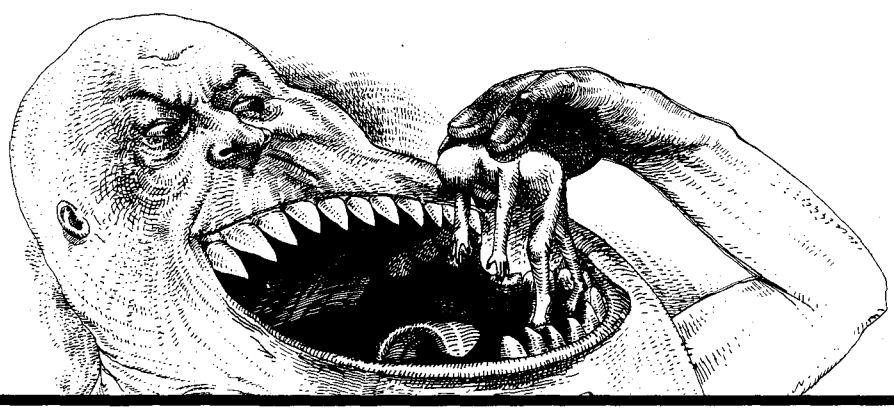

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COMMENDABLES

Peculiar Progressivism

by Clyde Wilson

David Brion Davis: *Slavery and Human Progress;* Oxford University Press; New York.

This book, together with the author's *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture* (1966), and *The Problem of Slavery in the Age of Revolution* (1975), comprises one of the major works of intellectual history composed in our time. African slavery, though now almost dropped from memory except as an occasional scapegoat for current problems, was a significant feature of life in the New World for three centuries. As such it intersected liberty, equality, morality, religion, labor, prosperity, progress, power, science—the whole collection of ideas by which men sought to come to grips with their experience. It is not slavery that Davis is interested in but the idea of slavery and its relationship to the process of "modernization" of consciousness, a relationship far more intricate and ambivalent than the usual facile understandings of our history can allow. Davis has traced the trajectory of ideas across the centuries and into every corner of the Western world—British, Continental, American, colonial. The result is a study of great penetration which enriches our appreciation for the texture of the past. No more can be asked of a work of history. cc

Clyde Wilson is editor of The Papers of John C. Calhoun *and professor of history at the University of South Carolina.*

Gnostic Cancer

by Neil G. Barclay

***Essays on Christianity and Political Philosophy*; Edited by George W. Carey and James V. Schall, S.J.;** The Intercollegiate Studies Institute, Inc./ University Press of America; Lanham, MD.

The authors of *Essays on Christianity and Political Philosophy* outline the problems caused by rampant gnosticisms of modern times, the heresies of Marx, Freud, and Darwin. Their message does not point to sanguine conclusions. In his introduction, George W. Carey notes that, with the forlorn exception of "behavioralism," the study of political philosophy appears to be about as dead as God—an unhealthy situation because without an understanding of first principles, the slippery and ephemeral world of effects becomes virtually incomprehensible. Whether the "A's" are known or not, the "B's" follow —and unattached "B's" have proven to be highly dangerous. Further, the absolute separation of church and state is usually taken to be the operating axiom. Now this separation does not serve the purpose of protecting both entities; rather, it works toward the elimination of any influence religion might have in the public sphere. Largely as a result of ignorance, a political first principle has become the operational basis for action. Christianity, when it comes to the workings of the polity, need not apply.

A central theme of the book is the wholeness of history, which is precisely what the gnostic syndrome cancerously devours. Whittaker Chambers observed that politics is the present tense of history. These authors show that God, as the Author of history, must not be separated from His creation. When Faith is divided from Reason, the result is the diminution of both and a prelude to disaster. cc

Neil Barclay writes from Salt Lake City, Utah.

Making Do

Michel de Certeau: *The Practice of Everyday Life*; Translated by Steven F. Rendall; University of California Press; Berkeley.

History is ordinarily written by winners; the master classes who govern nations and write books. The common man, to whom Certeau has dedicated this segment of his researches, leaves a nearly illegible record of broken dishes, scribbled walls, and nursery rhymes. Ideologies, both Marxism and that of democratic capitalism, like to represent him as the passive consumer of products created and supplied by his superiors. Whether these frozen vegetables, social services, and television shows are a blessing or a curse is the question to be decided at the barricades, but few intellectuals—least of all the communist champions of the proletariat — question the passive role which fate (or genetics) and social forces (or oppression) have assigned to the average guy. Increasingly, critics of the communication media portray the masses of moviegoers, TV watchers, and best-seller readers as a flock of sheep, whose only freedom is "that of grazing on the ration

IN THE MAIL

***19 New American Poets of the Golden Gate* edited by Philip Dow; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; San Diego.** Hart Crane built this century's most famous bridge made of poetry. This "Golden Gate" span—constructed of 300 poems with prose introductions by 19 northern Californian poets concerned with feminism, Chile, and TV cartoons—has a much lower weight limit.

***I Saw a Century Blossom* by Frank J. Fitzgerald; Philosophical Library; New York.** A disjointed collection of reminiscences by an 82-year-old Brooklyn plumber who thinks this has been "a very glorious century." For people delighted when things go down the drain, no doubt the 1900's have been spectacular.

***The Images of the Middle Ages in Romantic and Victorian Literature* by Kevin L. Morris; Croom Helm; Dover, NH.** The Victorian age—as Ruskin realized—had not the faith to build cathedrals. Yet children of modern industrialism were powerfully drawn to poems and books evoking the lost certainties of medievalism.

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of simulacra the system distributes to each individual." "That," Certeau insists, "is precisely the idea I oppose."

Part of Certeau's system is a distinction between "strategies," i.e., the manipulation of power relationships in a delineated "proper" sphere, and "tactics," i.e., an "art of the weak" consisting of tricks, ruses, and strategems which are partly determined by the "absence of a proper locus." Corporations are managed according to principles of strategy which determine what powers and functions are manipulated and by whom, when, and where. However, employees have ways of pursuing their own ends on company time—what the French call *la perruque*: using the shop to make toys for your children, typing a personal letter, and countless less harmless ways of ripping off. On a broader level, the common men are incessantly at work translating and transforming the official culture. Certeau's favorite example is the Spanish conquest of Latin America. The conquerors imposed their law, their Church, and their language upon the Indians, who accepted, assimilated, and transformed the alien transplant. This work of creative assimilation is performed—now as then—by the thousands of "anonymous heroes" Certeau celebrates in the dedication.

Lévi-Strauss has described how primitive peoples represent reality with a sort of bric-a-brac collage of elements that happen to be at hand—something like the replicas of Chartres Cathedral made out of matchsticks which used to appear in *Ripley's Believe It or Not*. This *bricolage* is a point of departure for understanding the common man's silent resistance to the culture of officialdom. In modern times, actual creation and production have been concentrated in the hands of fewer and fewer people (naive folk arts have all but disappeared). But, while most of us do not write books, design cities, or manage factories, our experience as readers, walkers, and workers is not entirely passive. Each reading of a book is a new composition—at least, that is what Barthes has taught us to say, but Barthes was also a member of an elite (the critics) who would like to reserve the right of interpretation to their own privileged order. However, every reader is, in fact, a "poacher" upon the writer's territory:

> The viewer reads the landscape of his childhood in the evening news. The thin film of writing becomes a movement of strata, a play of spaces. A different world (the reader's) slips into the author's place. This mutation makes the text habitable, like a rented apartment.

The right to interpret is a privilege jealously guarded by the clerical elites who have the power to define what is literal, what only metaphorical. Only The Church or The Critics are permitted to employ the text as a "cultural weapon." Progress, that is, the concentration of power, has made it possible for the modern masters of politics and the media to bypass the printed text and to offer us images of reality upon a screen that does not even permit the inscription of graffiti. Politicians, no less than the Walter Cronkites, tell us, "That's the way it is." Of course, in the matters we know something about, we say it's all nonsense, but we do not necessarily apply this judgment to the other representations which bombard us from the time we pick up the morning paper to the last advertising jingle on the late-night news.

Actually, as certain media analysts are fond of pointing out, the television's blank screen is no longer blank. We can scribble on it with our VCRs, computers, and video games—a subject which Certeau would do well to look into. The culture of resistance, though, could take volumes, and would have to include the lowbrow heroes of Aristophanes and "the world the slaves made," as Genovese subtitled his *Roll, Jordan, Roll*.

In our own times we have witnessed a widespread popular rebellion against the ideological oppression of the American upper class. The populist demonstrations of hard hats and the angry rhetoric of the Moral Majority are only the most obvious symptoms. For the deeper feelings, we would have to turn to the movies, TV shows, and country music, which people are turning to in revulsion against a "high culture" that is more alien to them than anything the Conquistadores forced upon the Indians. And what to make of Certeau's own "trajectories" (a favorite word with him) through the cultural troposphere? Most readers, even if they are not common men, will be alternately baffled and illuminated by Certeau's typically French mixture of brilliant observation and theoretical obfuscation. It remains uncertain, almost to the end of his book, whether he deserves a Nobel Prize or a public thrashing. In his defense it should be said that the text of *Everyday Life* is littered with insights and perceptions, any one of which could make the career of an American academic. (TJF) cc

Britain's Right Lady

Russell Lewis: *Margaret Thatcher: A Personal and Political Biography*; Routledge & Kegan Paul; London.

When feminists discuss their ambitions for women in politics, they rarely mention Margaret Thatcher, the first woman ever to serve as head of a modern Western democracy. When they do refer to the Tory leader, NOW leaders frequently employ the same invectives Soviet spokesmen use in denouncing "the Iron Lady" on Downing Street. Though reluctant to admit it, most feminist leaders actually prefer a leftist male in power over a nonleftist female. That is why NOW did not endorse a single GOP woman for office last year. Since Republican women still did much better at the polls than their Democratic counterparts, women should be skeptical about the value of NOW endorsements.

Because Russell Lewis is no feminist, he is free to admire the first woman to rule England since Elizabeth I. In his portrayal of Mrs. Thatcher, he depicts a woman who won office not through privilege of birth or wealth (she was the daughter of a Grantham grocer) nor through feminist clichés. She owes her success to her rare rhetorical gifts, a keenly analytical mind, and an unaffected devotion to middle-class British virtues. Although it shares the limitations of most campaign biographies, Lewis's book is lucid, intelligent, and often witty. Especially helpful to the American reader is Lewis's ability to sketch in the essential features of his subject's political and social environment. We are so accustomed to hearing Mrs. Thatcher described as "conservative" that we may be surprised, and perhaps disappointed, to learn how limited and libertarian her conservatism actually is. Her father was a Liberal, but when she first stood for Parliament as a Conservative, he supported her decision, believing "that the Conservative Party now stood for much the same thing as the Liberal Party did in his young days." Given the current range of available options in Britain, Mrs. Thatcher deserves praise and support. Yet it is hard not to wish for a conservative leader, male or female, whose views owe more to Samuel Johnson or Edmund Burke and less to Milton Friedman. It is a sign of the times that Enoch Powell found himself forced to leave the party that bears the name "Conservative." cc

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IN FOCUS

Discount Fiction

by Brian Murray

Frederick Barthelme: *Second Marriage*; Simon & Schuster; New York.

These days the writers who most influence the shape and the tone of "serious" American fiction are those who belong to what one critic has offhandedly but effectively labeled the "laid-back" school. These writers—whose ranks include Anne Beattie and the much celebrated Raymond Carver—produce flat, humorless, and generally uneventful "fictions" that sometimes appear to have been improvised; that feature passive and deracinated characters who manage to do little more than vaguely survive in a world that is full of annoyances and devoid of meaning.

Study the short stories in a stack of recently published "little" magazines and you will see what I mean. If a writer is from the extreme Carver wing of the laid-back school, he will employ a kind of basal reader syntax as he writes of guys with names like Vern and Duane and J.T.—the sort of guys who live in mobile homes and drive rusted-out Cadillac convertibles and who, when dressing up, reach for their leisure suit or their plaid sports coat with the four-inch lapels. If the "laid-back" writer is following in Beattie's path, he will lift his characters out of the lumpen proletariat, and perhaps even send them to good Ivy League graduate schools, but he will be careful not to compromise what is presumed to be their charmingly quirky nebbishness. His characters will be either unemployed or underemployed; they will stumble in and out of a series of pointless affairs; they will, in their ample spare time, smoke dope or eat stale crackers in stale beds or stand nude and sagging in front of hall mirrors while contemplating their mortality.

Set somewhere in the booming sunbelt, Frederick Barthelme's first novel *Second Marriage* has some refreshingly funny moments, and more than a few compound-complex sentences. But it, too, is largely plotless and rather too carefully odd, and so deserves a place among the more palatable products of the laid-back school. Henry, the narrator, is a low-level advertising man who finds himself more befuddled than ever after his flaky second wife kicks him out of their subdivision bungalow to make room for one of her closest friends—namely, Henry's first wife, who is nearly as flaky. Though he is supposed to be an out-of-work professor, Henry spends most of his time watching television; not surprisingly, he peppers his narrative with allusions to widely advertised goods and to well-known video faces. He drinks Diet Pepsi, pushes a Sears lawn mower, and stares at Cinemax, CNN, and the *Nightly News* while his neighbors put up Cyclone fences, sip Coors beer, drive Volvos, and crave Radio Shack computers. He shows us "a kid" at a party who has "the mannerisms and tics" of Johnny Carson, and another, at a garish seafood restaurant, who possesses "the wet eyes and the jaw" of John Travolta.

Combined with the vivid descriptions of fast-food joints, convenience stores, and jerry-built apartment houses, all of this brand-name dropping does enable Barthelme to evoke strongly that atmosphere of impermanence and vulgar, television-bred consumerism that is part of the fabric of life in most American suburbs. Perhaps he evokes it too strongly. Reading *Second Marriage* is like wandering through one of those fluorescent-lit and Muzak-filled discount houses that stocks everything from bull manure to designer jeans. There are a few things to catch your eye in such a place, but very little to make you want to linger. cc

Brian Murray is professor of English at Youngstown State University.

Digging Up the Dirt

by Robert B. Eckhardt

Mary Leakey: *Disclosing the Past*; Doubleday; New York.

Disclosing the Past is a title with a double meaning, though perhaps unintended. At the surface is a simple, almost stark, autobiographical account by Mary Leakey of her own remarkable life. This very sensible and hardworking woman is known the world over, chiefly, perhaps, as the wife of Louis S. B. Leakey; yet such a characterization substantially underestimates her own very great accomplishments: at the very least many of the fossils and cultural artifacts publicized by Louis were discovered by Mary (salient among these were the partial skull found in 1948 and first called *Proconsul*, a common ancestor of humans and chimpanzees from 20 million years ago; and an even more complete skull of a robust early human first dubbed *Zinjanthropus boisei*, of particular significance because it could be securely dated to about 1.7 million years ago, which at the time of its discovery in 1959 roughly doubled the known timespan of human existence).

The lifework she pursued was shaped far less by education than by background and circumstance. Mary Leakey is a descendant of John Frere, who is deservedly famous among British archeologists for his early realization, in the 18th century, that the chipped flints (now known as hand axes) found as much as 12 feet below the surface in brickmakers' clay pits were really "weapons of war, fabricated by people who had not the use of metals." In 1797 Frere communicated that opinion to the Society of Antiquaries, but at the time such ideas were not merely prescient—they were heretical.

A goodly measure of Frere's professional and personal courage seems to have been transmitted to Mary, along with no small dose of reasoning powers. Against those qualities, owing to the nomadic life that Mary's family led during her childhood (her father was a talented artist always searching for new vistas to paint), as well as her own spirited reaction against regimentation, Mary got very little formal schooling. In a convent school she simulated a fit by using soap to produce frothing at the mouth. Shortly afterward she deliberately caused an explosion in the chemistry classroom. Her temperament is captured clearly by her own summation of the event: "As for the explosion it was quite loud and quite a lot of nuns came running, which will have been good for some of them." To Mary's great and lasting satisfaction, she was asked to leave; her formal school career thus ended with "a bit of a bang." Her education did not.

As a result of her absorption with the subject matter of archeology and her talent for drawing—greatly useful in illustrating artifacts—she worked on a succession of field expeditions, eventually crossing paths with Louis Leakey and taking yet another step towards her highly unusual distinction, as noted by the Public Orator on the occasion of Oxford's awarding Mary Leakey an honorary doctoral degree, of being "descendant, wife and mother of anthropologists."

It is worthy of note, in this regard, that of the Leakey clan of anthropologists only Louis had a university-level education, which culminated in his completing a Ph.D. dissertation shortly after his first successful research expedi-

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tion to East Africa in 1926. Neither Mary Leakey nor any of their sons earned university degrees, including Richard, who is also widely considered to be an anthropologist. Since it is often said that Richard Leakey learned all the anthropology he needed from his father, the date of Louis Leakey's doctoral degree is significant: it was prior to the revolutionary shift in world view within the biological sciences that produced in the 1930's what has come to be known as the Synthetic Theory of Evolution. To do physical anthropology or paleontology without a detailed familiarity with the scope of the Synthetic Theory (not to mention its later accretions and elaborations) is roughly akin to laboring in the realm of theoretical physics while in ignorance of atomic theory, or professing to be an economist without having read Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. It's not only fraudulent, it's silly.

Distance from major advances in theoretical biology help explain the increasingly evident peculiarity of the Leakeyite interpretations of the manifestly important fossil discoveries that the family members and their associates have made over the decades. The problem was exacerbated, too, as Mary Leakey explains, by Louis's great and growing need for public acclaim. This led to his increasingly pronounced, almost frantic, embrace of ever more dubious scientific ideas and a stream of young female consorts.

Leakey family life was always full, sometimes exciting, occasionally glamorous, and not infrequently, a bit tawdry. It is a remarkable tribute to Mary Leakey's personal strength that she could recount her story with the level of dignity that she has managed. cc

Robert Eckhardt's most recent book is The Study of Human Evolution *(McGraw-Hill).*

Wishful Thinking

Guy Vander Jagt: *A Country Worth Saving!*; Jameson Books; Ottawa, IL.

The Ninety-ninth Congress seems to have made Congressman Guy Vander Jagt's *A Country Worth Saving!* obsolete in its own time. Mr. Vander Jagt, in a collection of eight political speeches and one Thanksgiving sermon (he has been in Congress since 1966, which explains the former; he holds a Bachelor of Divinity degree from Yale, which explains the latter), claims that a total Republican victory in the 1984 elections would result in: an increase in military strength, a decrease in the size of government, the "first real across-the-board tax cut in twenty years," and an easing of Federal regulatory restrictions. In oratory that's spiked with exclamation points, Mr. Vander Jagt skewers the Democrats as the denizens of Milton's Pandemonium. History intrudes like a good-natured *deus ex machina*: Tip O'Neill has started his *final* term as House Majority Leader. (GSV) cc

Aborted and Full-Term Thinking

***Abortion: Understanding Differences*; Edited by Sidney Callahan and Daniel Callahan; Plenum Press; New York.**

The title of this collection of essays suggests Madame de Staël's maxim, "Tout comprende c'est tout pardonner." In fact, some actions are better left without explanation or understanding. As Staël's descendant, the Duc de Broglie, observed: "Beware of too much explaining, lest we end by too much excusing." A case in point: the justifications offered for the annual million and a half abortions. Sandra Harding, for example, runs the gamut from socialism (abortion is a justified response to "women's oppression and of white, bourgeois, male domination in both public and private life") to social climbing ("I know very few women my age who have not had one").

Fortunately, the volume contains better things. Hear, for instance, Mary Meehan's advocacy of "women's rights":

> Do unborn women have rights, including a right to control their own bodies? How can they do that if their bodies are torn apart by suction machines, or destroyed by salt poisoning, or delivered so early by hysterotomy that their little lungs cannot breathe the air? . . . These are some of the questions that feminists have ignored.

As effective and justified as Meehan's polemic is, however, the abortion issue cannot be resolved within the language of individual rights. Advocates of life must offer something more than simplistic slogans and pictures of dead babies. They need a reasoned defense of family and community; they must

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles of Culture:*

The Conservative Mind

"One can only resist communism by proceeding from a postcommunist position, not a precommunist one, as Solzhenitsyn is attempting to do. No one yet knows whether mankind will be able to save its spiritual freedom; the last and decisive conflict has not yet begun. In addition, it must not be forgotten that totalitarianism can still change its external forms and even discard atheism. There is one thing that a totalitarian system can never accept and that is freedom of the individual. It is by no means obligatory that the present version of Marxist-Leninist communism triumph on a worldwide scale. A still more pernicious version is possible: a totalitarianism that is not atheistic."

—from "The Return of the Grand Inquisitor" by Mihajlo Mihajlov

ALSO

Russell Kirk on T. S. Eliot
Joseph Schwartz on H. G. Wells
Clyde Wilson on immigration

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shore up a world in which life *after* birth is meaningful. To this end, perhaps the most promising statement in the volume comes not as an assertion from a prolife spokesman but as a concession from a prochoice contributor: "It is far easier to imagine the creation of a morally healthy community with [prolife]values dominant than with those that I find congenial." cc

WASTE OF MONEY

Cheap Shots

by Phyllis Zagano

John Cooney: *The American Pope*; Times Books; New York.

While this biography of Francis Cardinal Spellman, sixth Archbishop of New York, is called *The American Pope*, what the author attempts to portray is not a powerful prince of the Church, but simply a meddling Catholic Secretary of State, Secretary of Defense, and Secretary of Health and Human Services, rolled into one. Hidden beneath pounds of gold-threaded vestments, former *Wall Street Journal* feature writer Cooney finds the man he was looking for.

Cardinal Spellman's "problem" is that his personal convictions, either political or theological, invariably fell on the conservative side of an issue. He supported American involvement in Vietnam (never mind that he was coincidentally the Military Ordinary—the U.S. military's Catholic bishop). He also supported the teachings of Rome on birth control, on divorce, on abortion, against the liberal leanings even within his own Church which sought to rewrite the Magisterium, the Church's official teachings. The Cardinal's convictions become the object of character assassination in this mean-spirited book, which is more of an attack on Catholicism than on the man it sets out to "expose" as a Machiavellian ecclesiastical potentate.

When it was published, *The American Pope* caused a minor controversy in the world of books because of four pages or so of material which had been excised while the book was in proof. The author claimed to have had documented evidence that Cardinal Spellman was an active homosexual, raising to a new level the oldest, cheapest shot regularly aimed at the celibate Catholic clergy. Because the "documentation" proved so shaky, the sections were replaced by a single paragraph jammed full of innuendo and, as one of the late Cardinal's secretaries subsequently wrote, outright lies. Aside from the obvious *ad hominem* benefits the author's argument reaps from such charges, there is absolutely no reason to include them.

What the book would appear to be discussing is the intertwining of what has now become the clichéd "religion and politics" of the Spellman era, from May 23, 1939, to December 2, 1967. It is no small accident that other Roman Catholic bishops, including some who happen to have conservative leanings, have been coincidentally pushed to the media fore. As those who watch the yin-yang of "religion and politics" can tell, the screams become the loudest when those who seem to speak in the name of religion seem to support what might be called an "establishment" point of view. This is, of course, not to baptize the Constitution—little is more inimical to the American experiment—it is simply to point out that the "antiestablishment" clerics of whatever stripe, dead or alive, get consistently better press.

Cooney's book is so full of mistakes of diction, of fact, and even of spelling, that it will be difficult for many readers to get through. Soon after its publication, the book was reviewed in *Catholic New York* by Bishop Patrick V. Ahern, one of Spellman's former priest-secretaries. Bishop Ahern discovered, for example, eight factual errors on page 320 alone. And page 320 is only a half-page of type!

There is little to recommend this book, but it is good to know it is there as a reminder of the calumny to which the powerful (or those who are perceived to be powerful) are exposed even long after their death. cc

Phyllis Zagano is a member of the editorial board of Catholicism in Crisis, *Notre Dame, Indiana.*

SOCIAL REGISTER

Much has been heard about Nancy Reagan's friendship with Jerry Zipkin, "her rich bachelor friend . . . a full-time Manhattan partygoer," according to *Time* magazine, "whom she has called 'a modern-day Oscar Wilde.'" The First Lady must know something we don't. After all, it was Oscar Wilde who wrote: "It is only shallow people who do not judge by appearances. . . ."

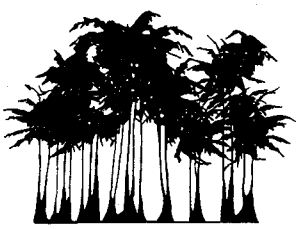
Allegory of Hate

by Steven Hayward

Jennifer Levin: *Snow*; Poseidon Press; New York.

It was only a matter of time before someone invented this genre: the feminist metaphysical thriller. As an experiment, *Snow* might have been a bright idea, but it quickly dissipates into a plodding and mediocre mishmash of psychological narrative and stark scenes of evil wrought by man. The tale swirls around the largely unseen character of Raina Scott, the "new Amelia Earhart," intrepid explorer and feminist *übermensch* (*überfrau?*) who enjoys lesbian affairs as well as a contemporary "open" marriage with her vapid, small-souled husband.

Scott is now missing in a mysterious and inhospitable jungle famous for its "walking dreams," which supply the psychoanalytic element of the story. The jungle is in the middle of a Caribbean island in the throes of civil war, and from there on all the elements are entirely predictable, right down to the chemical defoliant—"snow"—deployed by the big, bad, New York-based multinational corporation.



There might be an allegory here somewhere, for those who have the patience and inclination (or who just need a thesis subject) to flush out such things. Levin acknowledges deriving "inspiration" from sources as various as *The Golden Bough* and as dubious as *The Hebrew Goddess* and *Gay American History*. This seems to be of a piece with a new and obscure facet of radical feminism that is fixated on images of feminine power, particularly as found in myth and witchcraft.

This is the ultimate failing of *Snow*; it tries to be so much more than a mere thriller. Had Levin simply tried to write an engaging adventure story, she might have delivered a sturdy, grade-B, made-for-TV movie novel. Instead, *Snow* accomplishes the near impossible; it is a tale that gets progressively more boring the farther the reader goes. cc

Steven Hayward is an editor of the Claremont Review.

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TELEVISION

Small Screen Saga

by Shehbaz H. Safrani

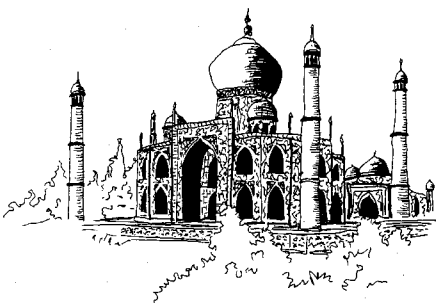
***The Jewel in the Crown*; Script by Ken Taylor; Produced and Directed by Christopher Morahan; Granada Television.**

Events in India of nearly 40 years ago are in the news all at once. The television series, *The Jewel in the Crown*, has touched the public's nerve —not necessarily the raw nerve. The reaction has been so strong that the chemistry of success deserves close scrutiny.

The exploitation of India's resources is an old story. The litany of complaints about colonial times are best left to the annals of pedantry. As an American put it, "In 1947, the Raj went into the garage." Unlike the English who have established, for better or for worse, a love-hate relationship with India, Americans are newcomers to the scene. Their enthusiasm for *The Jewel in the Crown* has more to do with the quality of acting than any innate curiosity about the Raj. Civilized acting, nurtured in the British theater since Elizabethan times, is still to be found in the very blood of good English actors. Americans are always impressed with a British accent—even a bad one. Walter Lippmann took it upon himself to remind Joseph Kennedy, the American ambassador to the Court of St. James during World War II, that there was more to the English than their accent.

In any event, good books make fine television. *The Jewel in the Crown* is not fast-paced. Though there are scenes both sensuous and sexual, these never cater to "prurient interests"—a far cry from the lurid display of wealth, power, and sex available on *Dallas* and *Dynasty*, as well as others of more recent vintage, like *Berringer*'s and *Falcon Crest*. There is nothing snobbish about watching a television series or not seeing it. President Mitterrand is hooked on *Dallas*. And a significant symposium of French and American intellectuals tried to iron out the Gallic criticism that their culture was being Americanized. (In an intriguing verbal showdown, novelist William Styron lashed out at his French counterparts. No one, Styron argued, was forced to watch *Dallas*, a television hit in France as well.) But in its level of achievement, *The Jewel in the Crown* is in a class by itself.

Its success does not depend on the popularity of its subject. With few exceptions, Americans have had it with the Indian export syndrome of gurus, meditation, and incense. Gone are the days of Gunga Din, too. Life pulsates in America and whether it is fair or not the pundits can decide, but what succeeds on television is some indication of popular taste. *The Jewel in the Crown* has reached a wide audience because it has aroused the public's imagination. Unfortunately, very little is left to the imagination in most television series. It is one thing to be on edge, anxious to know, well, what's next? It is quite another feat



when a viewer begins to wonder at the world around him, even events which preceded him. It is a remarkable tribute to *The Jewel in the Crown* that we think, repeatedly, about the whys of people's actions. Sadly enough, so few television series make us at all philosophical. It is good to enjoy, no doubt, even to be enthralled, and to forget one's cares. But only a daring television series, after entertaining us, "vibrates in the memory." A few of the characters assume a life so real that we begin to wonder about the author's real-life associations. Now, here for a change, is an exciting doctoral thesis. Pure detective work. Upon whom did Paul Scott base his cast of characters that they have left us spellbound by their lives in *The Raj Quartet*?

Born in London in 1920, Paul Scott served in the army from 1940 to 1946, in India and what is now Malaysia. He did a stint as a literary agent for four years. Then, during the last 18 years of his life, he devoted himself to writing. The 13 novels he wrote are usually described as "distinguished," but he made his living reviewing books for *The Times*, the *Guardian*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and *Country Life*. Scott died in 1978.

The 14 episodes (15 hours) of *The Jewel in the Crown* are set in an India no longer content with British rule, at the time of the riots and discontent preceding the granting of independence in 1947. It is the story of the men and women of both backgrounds (English and Indian), whose lives were irrevocably affected by the great changes taking place around them.

The series has become a sort of ritual in New York, where it is aired at 9 p.m. on Sundays. Viewers have begun to reschedule their evenings. A German writer, now living in Manhattan, said, "I gave my dinner guests a choice. Eat before or after *The Jewel in the Crown*. I shall not be disturbed during its broadcast." Her guests went along with her suggestion.

The Jewel in the Crown is not *cinema verité*; it does not provide an immediate understanding of India, or the Raj. But to its credit each hour episode exposes us to a different India. In each episode, we are led through doors opening onto other worlds, each so different that we begin to comprehend what motivated the rulers and the

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ruled. The world, say, of a club frequented only by the English is a far cry from the world of even a middle-class Indian family.

Sir Dennis Forman, chairman of Granada Television, who was based in India as a British officer during World War II, conceived *The Jewel in the Crown*. "Scott's *Quartet*," he said, "is an epic story on the scale of *War and Peace*. It introduces a gallery of characters every bit as real as those in Tolstoy's novel, and like them, playing out their parts within a greater plot concerned with national politics and world war."

British critics, normally reticent, hailed the television series with rare superlatives— "powerful," "admirable"—and compared its hold on viewers to that of (Waugh's) *Brideshead Revisited*. Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Tim Pigott-Smith, Geraldine James, and Judy Parfitt head the huge cast. Art Malik gives a splendid performance as Hari Kumar. Veteran Indian actors Saeed Jaffrey and Zia Mohyeddin provided the series with a touch it might otherwise have lacked. They, as well as the British actors, created an era in transition that is bound to remain haunting whenever any viewer, in the future, will turn to see *The Jewel in the Crown*.

Myapore, India, where Scott's phenomenal saga begins in 1942, is bound to be compared with E. M. Forster's Chandrapore. Rape is also at the heart of both Forster's *A Passage to India* and Scott's *The Raj Quartet*. There is yet another temptation for literary sleuths to review Scott's *Quartet* with Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet* and Mary Renault's quartet based on Alexander the Great and his age.

Beyond that, readers and viewers are inevitably struck by the imagination which summoned up these melancholy experiences, real and imagined, which could only be the result of a profound understanding and love of India. cc

Shehbaz Safrani is a writer and painter based in New York City.

LIBERAL ARTS

Apostasy Without Tears

Sojourners is one of several Christian magazines currently devoted to promoting a leftist agenda as scripturally warranted and prophetically urgent. The effects of their pious efforts are evident in a recent letter to the editors from a longtime reader:

> When I started reading *Sojourners* five years ago at the age of 15, you helped me turn my self-centered evangelical Christianity into a living action in this world. Since that time, I have evolved into a radical feminist and have left behind most of my Christian roots in search of a real and whole and woman-affirming spirituality, which I did not find in the church.
>
> It is heartening to realize that, while our theologies may differ, we share many common goals. . . . Thank you. cc

MUSIC

The Uses of Tradition

by Doug A. Ramsey

Jazz is biding its time. It is in a period of consolidation and reflection that began as the 1970's wound down. It may be that the search for roots and basic values presaged, as movements in jazz often have, a change in the society at large. The Reagan years were not far off.

The jazz tradition is not being challenged or extended. It is being absorbed and examined. In periods like this, critics watch for a messiah. When a brilliant young musician like trumpeter Wynton Marsalis appears, the outriders send back signals that the next major innovator is about to reveal himself. No one wants to be caught napping, as most critics were in 1958 at the advent of Ornette Coleman.

Marsalis tries to protect himself. He says, plaintively, that he is not the next anyone, that he's just trying to play his music and develop his abilities. But he is so spectacularly talented that he is held to account, made to feel obliged to lead jazz forward. His failure to find the promised land, after a professional career of only four years, opens him to attack by last year's adulators.

His admirable album *Hot House Flowers* (Columbia FC 39530) is pilloried by critics. It is a collection of ballads, exquisitely played by Wynton and his saxophonist brother, Branford. Both are accomplished soloists well within the jazz tradition of the past two decades. Both have enormous promise, but neither is a stylistic trailblazer. Arrangers Robert Freedman and Marsalis have given the pieces settings that are unconventional and subtle, so subtle that they elude *Down Beat*, which calls them "forced, coaxed . . . lackluster . . . turgid." (*Down Beat*'s reviewer derisively uses the phrase "easy-listening.") Marsalis's playing, which is disciplined, controlled, and humorously good natured, is described as uninspired. *High Fidelity*, referring to Marsalis as a "trumpet playing machine," says the music is boring. These are serious mis-hearings of a successful venture. Marsalis has committed the sin of unfulfilled expectation; he is not Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, or Ornette Coleman. He is being punished for winning awards and making money.

Tenor saxophonist John Coltrane, the last and most influential of the great iconoclastic innovators, has been dead since 1968. Alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman is alive, but the elements of his revolutionary work have long since been absorbed into the mainstream. Coleman's latest departure was the application of his "harmolodic" concept to a fusion of jazz and rock. It was dry academic theory compared with the upheaval caused by his passionate, disturbing music of the late 1950's and early 60's. That music was, in many ways, a premonition of the coming decade of political change, racial furor, Vietnam.

Coleman's first album, *Something Else* (OJC 163), has just been reissued in Fantasy's admirable Original Jazz Classics program. When it was released in 1958 on the Contemporary label, many critics found it easy to dismiss—amateurish; to others impenetrable, and even frightening. Only a few found Coleman's music important and prophetic. Ears conditioned by developments of the intervening years are likely to hear Coleman quintet's 1958 music as bebop yearning to be free. That is

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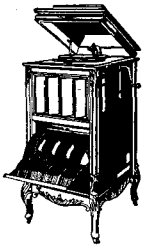
precisely what it was, down to the classic bop instrumentation of alto saxophone, trumpet, piano, bass, and drums, and to the use of recognizable harmonic patterns. This record is still the best place to begin for anyone wishing to understand Coleman's music; it has a traditional frame of reference. Within a year the piano would be gone and so would most of the familiar harmonic guideposts. Coleman would be off germinating musical change, the Johnny Appleseed of free jazz.

Wynton Marsalis is only the most celebrated of a number of young jazz players who have begun to mature in the past five years and are functioning within the traditional framework. Also concerned with the jazz tradition are musicians who were profoundly influenced by the new freedom brought to jazz in the late 1950's and early 60's by Coltrane, Coleman, Miles Davis, Bill Evans, and a few others.

Symbolizing the inward turn taken by many avant-gardists in the last decade was the saxophonist Archie Shepp, one of the most celebrated of the angry young "New Thing" musicians of the 1960's. His music, like Coleman's and much of Coltrane's, abandoned the conventions of harmony and rhythm. Around 1977, Shepp began reexamining his roots. The result was a series of albums exploring blues, gospel, and bebop (Steeplechase 1079, 1139, and 1149). His playing, although hardly conventional, adhered to traditional rules. He was not alone. Dozens of his colleagues from the leading edge of jazz experimentation "rediscovered" standard songs, conventional harmonic patterns, and the charms of recognizable melodies.

The attractiveness of such values may account, in large part, for the success of reissue programs like Fantasy's. The Original Jazz Classics program now includes upwards of 200 albums recorded in the 1950's and 60's on the Fantasy, Prestige, Riverside, Milestone, and Contemporary labels. Those companies' artists included such influential musicians as Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Dave Brubeck, Bill Evans, and Benny Carter.

Carter's *Jazz Giant* (OJC-167), recorded in 1957 and '58, is one of the alto saxophone and trumpet master's greatest sessions. If only for Carter's elegant statements and the billowing tenor saxophone solos of Ben Webster, it would be a classic. But it also comprises some of Carter's finest writing and a brilliant support team of trombonist Frank Rosolino, drummer Shelly Manne, guitarist Barney



Kessel, and pianists Andre Previn and Jimmy Rowles. Carter's trumpet solo on "I'm Coming, Virginia" emphasizes both his lyric expressiveness on the instrument and the unfortunate fact that he plays it so rarely.

Apart from the OJC program, Fantasy has brought forth a massive, intelligently conceived and beautifully produced Bill Evans collection, *Bill Evans: The Complete Riverside Recordings* (Riverside R-018). Its 18 LPs contain, in sequence, everything but snippets and outright rejected attempts that the late pianist recorded for the company from 1956 to 1963, when he left to join Verve. It is not simply a collectible for the Evans completist; it is a compelling, sometimes stark, view into the creative processes of a major artist. Seventeen solo pieces from 1963, never before issued, reveal Evans in deep introspection. Among them, "All the Things You Are," is one of the most stunning developments of an improvisational sequence ever captured in a studio. It illuminates Evans's importance as one who helped expand the jazz tradition by working from within it, and it gives us a glimpse into an astonishingly fertile and complex musical personality.

A company much smaller than Fantasy, Mosaic, is also responding to the groundswell of demand for the collected works of historically important jazz artists. Acclaimed for earlier releases of music by Thelonious Monk, Gerry Mulligan, John Hardee, Albert Ammons, and others, Mosaic offers *The Complete Blue Note and Pacific Jazz Recordings of Clifford Brown* (Mosaic MR 5-104) and *The Complete Pacific Jazz Small Group Recordings of Art Pepper* (Mosaic MR 3-105). Mosaic albums are not available in stores, but may be ordered from the company at 197 Strawberry Hill Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut 06902.

Brown was killed in an auto wreck in 1956, but in a few years as a professional, he left a legacy of recordings that is still a dominant factor in jazz. Some of the finest were made for the Blue Note label, and they are all here, including several previously unissued masters. The collection also contains the celebrated Pacific Jazz ensemble date with its exuberant Brown solos and its carefully crafted arrangements by Jack Montrose.

Two trumpeters influenced by Brown, as nearly all modern jazz trumpeters have been, are Bobby Shew and Chuck Findley. In their *Trumpets No End* (Delos DMS 4003) they recreate, in unison, Brown's devilishly difficult solo from the original recording of "Brownie Speaks," which is heard in the Mosaic package. Their own improvisations on the number pale in comparison with Brown's headlong rush of inspiration. But so would those of virtually all other trumpeters; the tribute is the thing. Returning the compliment, Brown's widow, LaRue, provided an album-notes testimonial to the excitement generated by Shew and Findley. She's right. Each of them is a master instrumentalist and a soloist of power and imagination. As a duo they cause sparks, most notably in a piece called "Direct Connection." Two other essential points must be made about this album. It has superb work from the incandescent young bassist John Patitucci.

Art Pepper was an alto saxophonist of the bebop era who developed out of, or despite, the looming shadow of Charlie Parker. His playing had a mellowness owing a good deal to Benny Carter, one of his early mentors. It also had astringency and daring that in some ways took him beyond Parker. The Mosaic recordings capture him in the mid-1950's when he had worked out the developmental problems of his youth and established tonal qualities and personal uses of rhythmic values that made him a distinctive stylist. In more than half the music on these three LPs, Pepper is in partnership with trumpeter Chet Baker, and a particularly fruitful partnership it was.

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Both men deserved more respect than they received nearly 30 years ago. Their music was of lasting value and both went on, despite daunting personal problems, to make important contributions well into the 1980's, as Baker still does.

Pepper, who died in 1982, recorded copiously in his final years. Much of the recording took place during an engagement at the Los Angeles club called Maiden Voyage. *Art Pepper Quartet* (Galaxy GXY 5151) is the third album to emerge from that experience. Pepper's playing incorporates some of the new-jazz freedom he admired in Coltrane and Coleman, a growling ferocity that could quickly turn to lyricism, and a self-deprecating humor that reflected the confidence and relative peace he found only near the end of his life. His performance of "What's New" represents all of those elements plus the remarkable rapport between Pepper and George Cables, the pianist he often called his favorite.

The "rebirth" of jazz tradition in the 70's was welcomed by listeners and critics. Some of the avant-gardists even found the audiences that had eluded them before their born-again jazz conversions. There has been a parallel trend, a reaction to the adventurism and experimentation of the 1960's and 70's. It is the development of a body of music that is a retreat not only from the forthrightness of jazz but from the tyranny of commercial rock. This music, personified by the pianist George Winston and his fellow musicians of the Windham Hill label, is soft, dreamy, unaggressive, and nonelectronic. Windham Hill's most recent sampler (WH-6-1035) sums up the approach. The music incorporates some of the rhythmic and improvisational aspects of jazz, but in safe and undisturbing ways. It has been described as Yuppie Muzak and it may be to the Reagan era what Mantovani was to the Eisenhower. This music is marketed and promoted as jazz.

So is a bewildering array of styles generally categorized as fusion, which melds jazz elements with funk, rock, country, classical, Latin American, and even Balinese music. Confusingly, many of the artists offering fusion have reputations as jazz musicians and their fusion efforts are sold as jazz. Some of them are Herbie Hancock, George Benson, Quincy Jones, Sadao Watanabe, Earl Klugh, the Crusaders, and Stanley Clarke. Hancock continues to function part of the time as a modern mainstream jazz musician through his "V.S.O.P." bands devoted to preserving the style and spirit of the Miles Davis quintet of 20 years ago. He is also the proprietor of a fusion group that has scored enormous pop successes, including the ubiquitous "Rockit." Benson, a brilliant jazz guitarist, is all but totally immersed in his career as a pop singer. Jones, one of the greatest jazz arrangers, occasionally makes an album of near-jazz but is primarily occupied with producing hit records, including those of Michael Jackson. cc

Doug Ramsey is a jazz critic who writes from Northridge, California.

Within the Tradition

A list of recent recordings or reissues within the jazz tradition and worth hearing. (R) indicates a reissue.

Joe Williams: *Nothin' but the Blues* (Delos DMS 4001). Sardonic, in superb voice and supported by a cast that includes the protean blues singer and saxophonist Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson and nonpareil bassist Ray Brown. Williams is magnificent.

***Makato Ozone* (Columbia BFC 39624).** The 23-year-old Japanese piano prodigy under the spell of his employer and inspiration, vibraharpist Gary Burton. The playing is modal, floating, impressionistic; the technique, awesome.

Bobby Shew: *Breakfast Wine* (PAUSA PR 7171). Ozone's work with Shew has meat on its bones; no dreaminess here. Shew's emotional range is well displayed on trumpet and flugelhorn.

Paquito D'Rivera: *Why Not!* (Columbia FC 39584). The Cuban reed artist (international boundaries are disappearing in jazz) blossoms as a clarinetist in the title tune, a *tour de force* duet with pianist Michel Camilo.

Armand Boatman: *Live at Gregory's* (PAUSA PR 7166); Monty Alexander, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis: *To You Everywhere* (Concord CJ-253). Two pianists heavily influenced by Oscar Peterson, Boatman overtly. Alexander has absorbed and regenerated his Peterson and is the more substantial. Both swing infectiously.

Paul Bley: *Floater* (Savoy SJL 1148) (R). Bley was one of the first to understand Ornette Coleman and almost certainly the first pianist to use Coleman's ideas. These early 1960's recordings joyously reflect that inspiration.

Jack DeJohnette: *Album Album* (ECM 25010-1 E). Drummer/keyboardist DeJohnette, in what for him is a rather conservative outing, one fraught with fun in an avant-garde sort of way. His companions include Howard Johnson, whose tuba and baritone saxophone virtuosity is a national treasure.

Count Basie: *Afrique* (Doctor Jazz FW39520) (R). Perfect, but atypical Basie, from 1970. The late Oliver Nelson arranged and conducted, and most of the music is exotic and, well, African.

Demetri: *Silverware* (Klavier KS 3615). Unlike most big Los Angeles rehearsal bands, this one sounds like it means it. Leader Demetri Pagalidis's bass trombone is the anchor for the tight ensembles written by Tom Kubis, who is very good at what he does. Pianist Tom Ranier shines in solo.

Bill Barron: *Variations in Blue* (Muse MR 5306). In the late 1950's Barron was often mentioned with John Coltrane as among the most innovative tenor saxophonists. He never attempted Coltrane's emotional heaven-storming, but his music is as intellectually challenging. Here, Barron leads a quintet that includes his pianist brother, Kenny. Both are world-class soloists successfully at work in Bill Barron's difficult music, which is not difficult to listen to. Challenged, trumpeter Jimmy Owens rises to the occasion with some of his finest solos in years. (DAR) cc

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On Subversion at the NEH

by John Agresto

What occasioned Mr. Kostelanetz's article was the rejection of his application for a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. It is our policy not to comment publicly on rejected applications, but since Mr. Kostelanetz has himself elected to raise for public discussion the grounds on which the application was turned down, I am pleased to have the opportunity to set the record straight.

Mr. Kostelanetz sought funds from the Endowment to support a sound track in English for his own film originally done in German about the Great Jewish Cemetery in Berlin and for a radio feature on the same subject. The application was rejected on the almost unanimous advice of a panel of media consultants and historians, many of whom would be known to and respected by readers of this journal.

Mr. Kostelanetz claims that "the principal charge against us was that we lacked an advisory board of scholars." Mr. Kostelanetz stated in his proposal that numerous individuals functioned as "a de facto advisory committee," but he offered no evidence of the extent of their involvement or their expertise. This is something we ask of all media applicants, clearly stated in our guidelines. Several other reasons for rejecting the application were cited in our letter to Mr. Kostelanetz, all issues of substance. We did not say, nor do we now say, that the subject of the film was not important.

Ignoring these more important points, however, Mr. Kostelanetz has seized upon his rejection to construct a fantastic argument. He suggests that our way of proceeding is analogous to that of countries behind the Iron Curtain, where it is useful "to surround your project with names of party hacks and other pets of the party government whose affiliations are politically acceptable." Indeed, he fumes that NEH "epitomizes the communist way of doing things and . . . indicates how closely America resembles the Soviet Union." He believes that his not getting a grant means that NEH is "*objectively Com-Symp*" (his emphasis), and because he did not get a grant the United States will be embarrassed and will lose its European allies.

Mr. Kostelanetz has willfully misconstrued our letter to him, and his statement that America resembles the Soviet Union since we required from him some evidence that the people on his advisory committee are qualified experts—as he declares some of them to be—is not rational. I trust that the readers of this journal take both the meaning of communism and the threat of communism more seriously than this. Our refusing to open the Federal Treasury to support Mr. Kostelanetz's project is not a question of ideology, bureaucracy, or the stifling of his "imaginative freedom" (as he puts it), but a question of simply writing a convincing proposal, something that thousands of people have managed to do over the years. Mr. Kostelanetz's failure to make a case that Federal tax dollars should be spent on his project is less a comment on East-West relations than on the care he took to make his argument. ∞

John Agresto is assistant chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Mr. Kostelanetz Replies

We cannot dispute Mr. Agresto's first two paragraphs, which simply restate what we said ourselves—our application to do an English version of a German film and radio program about the Great Jewish Cemetery of Berlin was rejected and that rejection occasioned our protest. If he is going to dismiss us as a "sore loser," would he do the same with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and many other refugees?

Some more facts must be recalled: the original *Ein Verlorenes Berlin* (A Berlin Lost) was funded by the *West* Berlin Senat. It was selected to be screened in the highly competitive film festivals of Berlin (West) and Oberhausen. We made a Swedish version with a grant from Inter Nationes, the *West* German translation agency. We expect that our film(s) will be aired soon over public television stations in both *West* Germany and Sweden. Our German-language radio program was aired last fall over the *West* Berlin station RIAS (which, don't forget, is owned by *our* State Department) and favorably reviewed in the *West* Berlin press. So, given these facts, along with our evident success at formulating a "convincing proposal," it is, we would agree, reasonable to ask why something funded several times abroad was not funded here?

The NEH explained that the principal reason for nonsupport was that we lacked an "advisory committee" of "qualified experts" (only "professors" with Ph.D.'s would do). Our reply was that this nonnegotiable demand exemplifies the Eastern way of doing cultural things—where it is also *necessary* (not just "useful") "to surround your project with names of party hacks and other pets of the party government whose affiliations are politically acceptable." Such surplus baggage was obviously not required by the *Western* European culture agencies supporting us.

Our further objection is that the folks at the NEH would be ill-advised to regard credentials as more important than knowledge, even though "the former is so much easier to measure." Two unfortunate results of 1960's American academic prosperity are the myths that universities are the sole repository of scholarly expertise and that all Ph.D.'s automatically ac-

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quire impregnable intellectual authority unavailable to non-Ph.D.'s. Whatever currency such myths might have in the East (and at the NEH), they are not true here. Not at all. What counts, in the West, is not your institutional connections but what you know and, better yet, what you show you know. And it is highly rational to question the political motives of government bureaucrats who believe the opposite should govern here.

Instead of trying to defend indefensible procedures, Mr. Agresto egregiously misrepresents us. Nowhere did we suggest, to quote his summary, that our "not getting a grant means that NEH is *objectively Com-Symp.*" No, no, no, since our analysis was far more complex and more subtle, it demands repetition. By insisting that a board of paid consultants is necessary for its support—that we submit to Eastern rites—the NEH has, to quote ourselves, "politicized our initially nonpolitical film, wholly on its own initiative." The sad fate of our American application could now be used, in current debates, as evidence of how the U.S. and S.U. are not different but similar, all contrary to State Department policy. With the NEH working overtime to undermine American aims in Europe, why should we worry about the KGB?

Why does Mr. Agresto's recital of thousands of satisfied NEH customers remind me of the commissar boasting of his contented subjects, their straitjackets notwithstanding? Neither obedience nor opportunism are sure measures of administrative (or cultural) success. Let me suggest a radical hypothesis that, in the West as well as the East, we should judge the value of a cultural funder not just by the quality of what it funds, but against that we should weigh the quality of what it does not fund. One difference between the West and the East is, of course, that here we are free to evaluate publicly the reasons for nonsupport.

Since my article was written, an NEH staffer advised me to gather together a board of professors with Ph.D.'s, budget their expenses and apply again for a sum much, much larger than we requested before. Advisory payoffs are, after all, expensive; the need for them cannot be justified on *economic* grounds. Here, as elsewhere, featherbedding is never a bargain. The temptation to raid the Federal Treasury notwithstanding, we refused this invitation for reasons of principle; for reasons for principle, not "rejection," do understand Mr. Agresto, we exposed "Subversion at the NEH." cc

AMERICAN PROSCENIUM

Though the opponents of Darwinism technically won the famed Scopes Trial of 1925, that event is generally regarded as a decisive triumph for the theory of evolution. After Clarence Darrow had exposed the educational and philosophical deficiencies of the Tennessee anti-Darwinians to a national audience, never again would it be intellectually respectable in America to oppose evolution. The "Scopes II" Trial in Arkansas three years ago only enhanced evolution's intellectual status. Yet to anyone who takes evolution seriously, it may now appear that, on its own terms, the theory is a mistake.

For evolutionists, all adaptations of behavior, form, and even thought must be judged only on the basis of how well such adaptations assist those organisms possessing them to survive and propagate. By this standard, adherence to the theory of evolution is now suspect as a bad adaptation: those groups most likely to believe in evolution—the elite, well-educated, agnostic, and well-off—are precisely those reproducing themselves most slowly. In contrast, those groups least likely to accept evolution—the poorly educated, religious, and socially marginal—are passing on their genes at a much faster rate.

This is especially puzzling because evolutionists control economic and social advantages that should make reproduction much easier: they live in nicer neighborhoods and homes; they eat more nutritious food; they are required to do less demanding labor; and they have access to superior medical care. Despite their favorable environment, many of these well-fed, well-educated individuals voluntarily choose to have only one or two children and often none at all. Many of them actually seem more concerned with seeing that whooping cranes reproduce themselves than with transmitting their own genes. Such attitudes may be altruistic. They certainly cannot be successful evolutionary adaptations.

Evolution, it is true, has always shared with Malthusianism a rather pessimistic view of the ability of rapidly expanding populations to acquire sufficient food. Yet Darwinism assumes that whatever food *is* available will go to those genetic populations most successful in reproducing themselves. It is hardly surprising that the social Darwinians of the late 1800's and early 1900's were ruthless in grabbing up as much of the world's limited resources as they could for themselves and their own (often large) families. What *is* surprising is that the heirs of these families, who are still rich and who are even better-versed evolutionists, are saving baby whales while having no offspring of their own.

In contrast, those populations notable for their skepticism toward evolution are busy having babies. Fundamentalist Baptists, for instance. In spite of their often limited resources,

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meager education, and unfavorable social placement, the Baptist population is reproducing itself far faster than the agnostic evolutionarist population. Baptists not only have more children but they also win more converts than do those denominations that have made their peace with Darwin.

Though Catholics have generally been less vehement and public in their opposition to evolution, their willingness to build large families is similarly linked to a resistance to Darwin. Papal condemnation of modernism included a rejection of Darwinism, so Catholic schools either did not teach the theory or taught it in an unfavorable light —at least until fairly recently. The remarkable fall in Catholic birthrate in recent years coincides with a new post-Vatican II openness to the saints of modernism, including Darwin.

The Mormons provide yet another example of negative correlation between group fertility and acceptance of evolution. Most Mormons, including the better-educated ones, reject evolution as a matter of faith, while (according to a recent *Wall Street Journal* article) no group in America has a higher birthrate. Though a more sociologically diverse group than Baptists, Mormons possess no unusual wealth to support their exceptional birthrate. And like the Baptists, Mormons are doing much better at proselytizing than are the main-line American denominations.

Sociobiologist and evolutionist E. O. Wilson believes that certain "religious practices . . . consistently enhance survival and procreation of the practitioners" and therefore the genes fostering such practices will be "favored" in the evolutionary struggle. But if belief in evolution itself erodes religious faith and practice, as it appears to do, where does that leave evolutionists? Are their genes thereby disfavored?

Clearly there are many more evolutionists today than there were a century ago, and their beliefs are now orthodoxy in the public schools. But still, current demographic trends must give an evolutionist pause. After all, in any given high school biology class, those students most willing to have children are precisely those most resistant to evolutionary theory. Unless shielded by religious conviction or even by simple ignorance, the desire to propagate does not appear to survive Darwin's touch. Granted, evolutionists insist upon a very large time scale. Current trends might be just an unusual blip in the big picture. But, perhaps a million years from now Baptist and Mormon paleontologists will regard Darwin's *Descent of Man* and fossilized dinosaur tracks with the same bemused curiosity. cc

Mr. George Kennan once again displays his unique brand of *fausse naiveté* in a recollection published in *The New Yorker*. Here is how he registers his shock of recognition activated by a stylish and moody encounter between William C. Bullitt, the first U.S. Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., and Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, on a Polish provincial railway station:

> On the second day of that long railway journey, on a brutally cold afternoon, when the train has been rolling for hours over the frozen fields of western Poland, we stop for a while at the Polish town of Bialystok, and Litvinov gets out and paces gloomily up and down the station platform, coat collar up against the wind. Bullitt goes out and joins him, and Litvinov then tells Bullitt (as Bullitt later reports to me) that this place, Bialystok, is actually the place where he was born and brought up; and he observes how strange it is for him to find himself there again after all this time, and confesses to Bullitt that he never wanted to be Soviet Foreign Minister in the first place—that his real ambition had always been to be a librarian. And from this very human confession I begin to realize what I am never to be allowed to forget: that these Soviet Communists with whom we will now have to deal are flesh-and-blood people, like us—misguided, if you will, but no more guilty than we are of the circumstances into which we all were born—and that they, like us, are simply trying to make the best of it.

Kennan, one of our most eminent authorities on the Soviet Union, ought to be aware that Litvinov was a consummate liar. Stalin is supposed to have wisecracked that Litvinov had only his mendacity to recommend him as a diplomat. A small-town Polish Jew, he realized during his lifetime the wildest dreams about power a man of his descent in his geographical circumstances could have entertained. An ambition to be a librarian, my eye! It is as if Henry Ford confessed that all he wanted was to be an auto mechanic, or Elizabeth Taylor a nun. Litvinov was certainly an intelligent, well-read man, an heir to the grand Russian tradition of intellectual posturing. And what better scenery and audience for a little *tableau* than a God-forlorn train stop and a well-educated, but simple-minded (by Russian standards), high-society American. Mr. Kennan declares himself an admirer of Chekhov, but he apparently learned nothing from his dissection of the hypocritical sentimentality of a Russian *poseur*. And on this "recognition," Mr. Kennan based his lifelong, influential studies of Soviet Communist leadership. cc

Young Americans are killing themselves at an unprecedented rate: teenage suicide is up fivefold in the last 20 years. The national response to this calamity has been curiously muted. There is a strange reluctance to link this epidemic with the massive changes in family life of the past two decades. There is, for example, a suggestive parallel between rising numbers of working mothers and skyrocketing teenage suicide, but most commentators would rather slit their wrists—or have their kids slit theirs—rather than hint at such a linkage. Certainly, no one would be so rash as to suggest that in order to "turn the clock back" on the teenage-suicide rate it might be necessary to turn the clock back on several liberating trends of recent decades.

Even when media and educational leaders claim to be attending to the problem, they are more often evading it. For instance, last fall CBS broadcast

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the docudrama *Silence of the Heart*, portraying a teenage boy who commits suicide and his family's anguished response to his death. A CBS executive proclaimed that their dramatization of teen suicide would "help people put it in perspective," while the leading actress in the production, Mariette Hartley, hoped that the production would "save lives."

It was appropriate, however, that CBS distributed study and discussion guides based on the program for classroom use, for the public educational system is also implicated in the upswing in teenage suicide. But, of course, neither CBS nor anyone else wished to say so. To do so would imply an indictment of the fashionable teaching philosophies favoring individual "creativity," value neutrality, and self-indulgence and ignoring or attacking traditional religious and cultural ideals. Some parents and legislators are now reportedly demanding that high school classes on suicide become mandatory. But until they say something about these larger issues; their initiative can only further weaken the schools and exacerbate the problem they hope to solve. Without a relentless examination of the ways modernism has robbed life of its meaning, last-ditch classes on suicide can only deepen teenage despair, sending even more of them in search of razor blades, sleeping pills, and waxed ropes. cc

REVISIONS

Love of Life

It takes a remarkable man to draw our attention to the obvious. While the whole of the Paris police conducted an exhaustive search for "The Purloined Letter," Poe's M. Dupin found the missing document where it had been hidden, in plain view. The mystery was, in his phrase, "a little too plain." One plain mystery which has eluded us for centuries is the very human affection for other life. We crowd our apartments with green and crawling house plants, bring beasts inside to live with us—scratching off their fleas and enough hair to stuff a mattress every month; we spend vacations driving thousands of miles to look at vistas of trees and grass, when a trip to Silicon Valley should be vastly more entertaining. Why? Romantics and pantheists would have it that murmuring breezes and singing birds have some message for us. This "impulse in a vernal wood" philosophy is not, however, very tempting when an afternoon nap has been broken off by the squabbles of blaspheming jays. And yet, like it or not, grown men in this electronic age find themselves squandering time—and considerable wealth—on getting back to nature.

E. O. Wilson (*Biophilia*; Harvard University Press; Cambridge) does not subscribe to Pantheism (or any religion, for that matter). He begins with the simple, observable fact that we do love life in many more forms than just our own. Wilson, who has himself spent decades studying the behavior of ants, observes that most of us have a fondness for other species. What is more, we enjoy looking at landscapes. No matter how urban we make our existence, we seem to prefer certain sights: grass interrupted by trees, plains broken by elevations. As a sociobiologist, Wilson assumes that our affection for these scenes is related to the origin of our species in the savannahs of Africa —whose landscapes we are forever trying to duplicate in parks, formal gardens, and suburban lawns:

> It seems that whenever people are given a free choice, they move to open tree-studded land on prominences overlooking water. . . . Those who exercise the greatest degree of free choice, the rich and powerful, congregate on high land above lakes and rivers and along ocean bluffs. On such sites they build palaces, villas, temples, and corporate retreats.

Most of us are inclined to be naturalists at some point in our lives. Millions of nonscientists devote themselves to watching birds or collecting butterflies. What boy has not spent a good part of his youth on birdnesting, hunting, or pursuing snakes? (Wilson recounts his own passion for snakes, which he collected as a boy growing up on the Gulf Coast of Florida and Alabama.) The practice of biology is to some extent a natural occupation, like hunting. Our myths and fantasies even today are filled with animal images. An alertness to that other world of beasts and monsters was crucial to the survival of our hunting ancestors. "The naturalist's trance was adaptive: the glimpse of one small animal hidden in the grass could make the difference between eating and going hungry in the evening."

If part of the human condition lies in this itch to live in nature and to get to know its creatures, then conservation is in our own best interest. The ethic of environmentalism does not rest exclusively on our noble generosity to our weaker cousins or on the potential usefulness of drugs and food sources that we are destroying. These are important, but there is one consideration even more important:

> Every species allowed to go extinct, is a slide down the ratchet, an irreversible loss for all.

Wilson has had a distinguished career as an entomologist and as a founder of the movement he named sociobiology. In his latest book he proves that he can write with eloquence and passion about the wellsprings of natural science. Throughout, we are reminded of another philosophical entomologist, J. H. Fabre, whose mysticism and anti-Darwinism make him a natural opposite to the neo-Darwinist Wilson, and yet they both reveal that the best science is done not in the arrogance of conquest, but in humility and love. cc

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The selection of William Bennett as the new Secretary of Education came as no surprise in Washington. During his three years as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, Bennett maintained a firm grasp on the fundamentals of bureaucratic life. Originally the choice of the Administration's neoconservative supporters, he has gradually gained the grudging support of most conservatives. There is always a price to pay for conservative backing: hostility from the press. Shortly after taking office, the *New York Times* characterized the new chairman as a man keeping "a low profile" but by the end of 1982 they were remarking unfavorably on the controversy he had managed to stir up in a normally unremarkable Federal agency.

The first time Bennett captured headlines was in April 1982 when he attacked a public-television documentary on Nicaragua, "From the Ashes . . . Nicaragua," previously funded by the NEH. Bennett called the film "propaganda" on which the Endowment had no right to spend Federal money. The director of the film saw Bennett's protest as a reflection of "a conservative tide" in the U.S. Former NEH chairman Joseph Duffy accused him of unnecessarily "inserting his intellectual or political views" into the Endowment's operation.

Less than a year later, Mr. Bennett and his predecessor were again in public disagreement, this time over granting procedures. Mr. Duffy had awarded $1 million in unmonitored chairman's grants. When Bennett terminated this option, Duffy defended the previous policy. In announcing his decision, Bennett was careful to deny any suggestion of past abuse, but merely argued that the possibility for misappropriation was too great. Some critics of the NEH had seen more than "possibilities." Several months later Bennett went on the political offensive again by declaring war against affirmative action at NEH.

Even in his efforts to improve the teaching of humanities in America, Bennett did not find smooth sailing. Addressing a group of English teachers in Washington in November 1982, he complained that philosophy, history, and literature were now often replaced by "something called 'personal development.'" "In place of cultivation, we advocate something called 'awareness,' which may be defined as a state of indiscriminate perception of uninformed judgment."

Some conservatives continue to voice suspicions about Bennett. They complain that he did not redress the

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leftward tilt of the Endowment's grants and, what is worse, refused to change the panels of referees. However, the only real opposition to his appointment comes from the left, which sees Bennett's commitment to excellence and tradition as just so much "intellectual Reaganism." cc

The Reagan Administration has been widely accused of hostility to the life of the mind. Cutbacks at the National Endowments constitute, so we are told, an attack on the arts and humanities and reflect the philistine temperament of the President's supporters, that unnatural coalition of country club Republicans and Moral Majoritarians. Maybe so. On the other hand, there is evidence that he has not gone far enough. *Item:* The Office of Private Partnerships at the National Endowment for the Arts is hiring a consultant to study the feasibility of a national health insurance for artists. We are not, it goes without saying, talking about Saul Bellow or Mikhail Baryshnikov, who deserve well of the American people. No, I think we know who the beneficiaries are likely to be: the practitioners of free verse, folk dancing, and nonfunctional ceramics who make up the membership of tax-funded arts councils.

Serious artists do, on occasion, fall on hard times. Keats died of tuberculosis at an early age. If he were around today, he would probably receive better health care. On the other hand, he would either have to go unpublished or learn to write like John Ashberry. cc

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From North Carolina

by John Shelton Reed

One morning recently, National Public Radio offered its listeners an interview with a Texas mass murderer to go with their cornflakes. This monster, who had confessed to 250 or so murders, told the reporter that some of them were "sacrifices to Satan." Aghast, the reporter asked, "You don't really believe in Satan, do you?" (He did.)

In the world according to NPR, it seems, mass murder gets more respect than religious belief, orthodox or perverse.

In actual fact, the "N" in NPR should probably stand for Northeastern (and the "P" for People's). Sure, the network drags in a lot of Californians to comment on this and that, serves up a few domesticated Southerners and other regional and ethnic specimens, and "Prairie Home Companion" is another story, but for the most part the NPR sensibility is Northeastern-yuppie secular humanism, if you'll excuse the expression.

Take this Devil business. The reporter seemed surprised that anybody, even a mass murderer, believed in the Devil. Well, the last figures I saw on that (in an article by Clyde Z. Nunn in the Autumn 1974 issue of *Listening: Journal of Religion and Culture*) put the percentage of Southerners who were absolutely certain that Satan exists at 72 percent—*up* from 53 percent

nine years earlier. To be sure, only 29 percent of Northeasterners believed in Old Nick (and that figure had decreased from 33 percent in 1964), but, overall, 50 percent of all Americans believe unreservedly, and another 21 percent said it was "probably true" that Satan exists. And belief was increasing everywhere except in the Northeast.

Who's out of touch here?

Another example: When a movie reviewer on *All Things Considered* discussed a movie that hinged on whether its two main characters—"married (in the words of the country song) but not to each other"—would or would not commit adultery, the NPR anchorwoman professed disbelief that two adults, these days, would hesitate. Well, I don't have the numbers on it, but I can testify that there are lots of folks out here in the provinces (and even some in the Northeast, if you look for them) who try, sometimes successfully, to keep the Commandments, even the seventh.

The fact is that religion is still a force to be reckoned with in American life, although you wouldn't know it to listen to NPR (or, as Benjamin Stein pointed out recently in the *Wall Street Journal*, to watch prime-time television). Leave aside the fact that it is pernicious to have "opinion leaders" so out of touch with the country that supports them—I suggest that it's dangerous. Look at what happened to the Shah. cc

John Shelton Reed teaches sociology at the University of North Carolina and is writing a book on Victorian Anglo-Catholicism.

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The Raven of the Writing Desk

Edgar Allan Poe spent most of his life as an outsider. Orphaned at the age of two and reared by an unsympathetic stepfather, he displayed considerable talent as a student, as a soldier, and as a cadet at West Point, where lack of funds (the rich Mr. Allan was a skinflint) forced him to drop out. His literary career is the American contribution to the saga of neglected genius: a man of talent and erudition condemned to literary drudgery as an editor; a Southern gentleman compelled to live not just in poverty but in the North. As an editor Poe positively *made* at least two publications, but he found it increasingly difficult to get along with interfering employers. A weakness for drink, complicated by an inability to hold his liquor, contributed to an ill-deserved reputation for dissolution. In the end Poe did seek solace in the bottle after the death of his young wife. He died at the age of 40, and the literary jackals and *poseurs* whom he had exposed conspired to destroy his reputation. In an unforeseen way, the plan backfired as the *poète maudit* became a hero to Baudelaire and Mallarmé.

This splendid new edition (Edgar Allan Poe: *Poetry and Tales, Essays and Reviews*; Library of America; New York) will give the common reader a rare opportunity to judge Poe's contribution to American letters. For the price of a dinner for two, we have a well-bound and clearly printed collection of just about everything worth reading in the Poe corpus—almost 3,000 pages. The two volumes are sensibly edited, although the notes are not very helpful, and the state of the Greek quotations inexcusable. Still, no one with the slightest interest in American literature can afford to be without this edition.

There is no one quite like Poe in the history of American literature. He ranks first or among the first of our poets before Eliot; he had a hand in inventing not only detective fiction but science fiction as well; he is our only important critic before Henry James. Of his poetry, it can be said that most people either like it or hate it or both. It is not only that his work is uneven, but that he is at his best, sometimes, when he is at his worst—as in "Ulalume," so brilliantly parodied by Bret Harte. His fiction has fared somewhat better among the critics. As long as there is a market for tales of suspense, horror, and detection—judging from sales I would sell the puts and buy the calls—Poe will be read and admired. But it may be Poe the critic who most deserves our respect.

Americans have always had mixed feelings about their literature. We have been capable of extravagant admiration for second-raters like Whittier or Lowell (James Russell, Amy, Robert) while continuing to turn up our noses at real American originals like the frontier humorists. It took a Henry Mencken to appreciate Mark Twain, while Faulkner and Poe himself were, to some extent, "discovered" by the French. We boast of our independence from Europe but roll over and play dead if some literary *flaneur* speaks with an accent, preferably British. Worst of all, at every period of our history we have allowed our tastes to be dictated to us by a narrow coterie of anti-American fanatics in the Northeast. This self-imposed provincialism not only stunted the growth of our literature, it almost nipped in the bud the development of a serious criticism.

Poe had one of the prime requisites of a critic—a definite (though not always impeccable) taste. His independence enabled him to praise Hawthorne as "one of the very few American storytellers whom the critic can commend with the hand upon the heart," at the same time detecting the transcendentalist poison in his imagination. Much of Poe's reviewing was squandered on fashionable rubbish. But if pricking the balloons of Seba Smith and Mrs. Sigourney did not endear Poe to the literary establishment, his balanced and judicious appreciations of Longfellow and Lowell helped even less. The fact is that, despite certain good qualities, nobody now reads either of them. Outside of school, it is doubtful that many ever did.

For all his unwillingness to hyperbolize our native literature, Poe was one of the few literary men who fully appreciated the genuine American strain in William Gilmore Simms, John Pendleton Kennedy, and Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, whose *Georgia Scenes* he described as forming "an era in our reading." Poe's praise is all the more remarkable in that he was an urbanite with no experience of rural life, much less of the frontier. His judgment was remarkably prescient. While the line of descent from Longfellow and Lowell petered out in the Harvard intellectuals who turned away from novels and verse and found solace in scholarship and political eccentricity (at the best, one thinks of Henry and Brooks Adams, Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, and the renegade T. S. Eliot), while Simms and Longstreet were the precursors of Twain, Faulkner, and of almost every noteworthy production of American literature. Why did Whittier become a schoolbook classic and Longstreet only a provincial curiosity? The answer lies in the study of geography rather than criticism. Longstreet was not a Yankee.

"The manner in which the cabal of 'The North American Review' first write all our books and then review them" was a constant theme of Poe's criticism. Although Poe was a loyal Southerner, that was not the main point—he was merciless on the weaknesses of the South's most important writer, Gilmore Simms. The problem, as he saw it, lay in the pretensions of genteel Bostonians whose birth and connections entitled them to a literary career. For them Southern literature was a contradiction in terms and New York—the home of Irving and Cooper—beyond the pale. "We like Boston," he confessed. "We were born there and perhaps it is just as well not to mention that we are heartily ashamed of the fact." Times change and the Boston literati eventually set up shop in New York. But substitute *New York Review of Books* for *North American Review*, New York for Boston *Times*, and Poe's observations ring as true today as they did in the 1840's. In this century most of American literature has been the product of the Midwest and South, by writers who were, in many cases, downright hostile to our mecca of arts and letters. It is always a bad sign when the poetasters and urban provincials of the Northeast have the upper hand as they did in the 1840's and do now since World War II. Until Americans become sure enough of themselves and their literature to ignore the pretensions of New York and Boston, we shall never come of age. (TJF) cc

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Magnum Magazines

A class struggle is going on in the U.S. today, a confrontation between an intellectualized elite and what used to be called the democracy. The upper classes go to good schools—Ivy League or at least Big 10—where they pick up easy answers to the meaning of "life, the universe, and everything," while members of the democracy work their way through local branches of state college, if they're lucky: a lot of them ended up as the expendable matériel clause in Lyndon Johnson's foreign policy. The easiest place to size up the class war is a large magazine stand. On one rack are the *Harper's*, *New Republic*, *Gourmet*, and *National Review*, but move down past the naked-lady covers and you run into hot rod and off-the-road mags, men's true adventure stories, and finally, an almost endless array of weapons and survival publications with names like *New Breed* and *Combat Handguns*. The readers and editors are well aware that they belong to a strange subculture. *American Survival* complains that the antigun elite is convinced "these magazines should be removed from the newsstands, along with other 'pornography.'" There is something undeniably erotic about the "happiness-is-a-warm-gun" photo layouts of automatic weapons and grenade launchers, and you *do* run across gun descriptions like: "Bo Derek, it's not" and "lovely but lethal," and, of a small-caliber gun, it's like "kissin' your sister." In fact, most of them devote the bulk of their pages to hardware. An average issue of *New Breed* or *Soldier of Fortune* discusses and advertises enough weapons to arm both sides of the civil war in El Salvador.

After you get over the pornographic shock—or thrill—of seeing so much firepower, you begin to realize that many of the military magazines exhibit a populist editorial outlook that is closer to Gen. Patton than to Conan the Barbarian. These guys see the world as quite simply a struggle between evil and good: of hoodlums against families and of communist imperialism against the aspirations of decent people to be left alone.

The most famous military magazine is *Soldier of Fortune*, "the journal of professional adventurers." Sandwiched in between ads for rapid-fire conversion kits, armored personnel carriers, genuine gurkha knives, and posters showing an armed G. Gordon Liddy, are sensible and temperate articles on military history and foreign affairs. On an everyday level, *SOF* takes the rights of gunowners very seriously and is right now conducting a campaign to put its publisher, Robert K. Brown, on the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association, which is, they claim, beginning to weaken in its defense of the Second Amendment. Despite its carefully maintained image as a mercenaries' newsletter, an average issue of *SOF* provides its readers with a clearer idea of the armed side of politics than a decade's worth of *Foreign Affairs*.

Other similar publications are much less interesting. *New Breed*, for example, seems to specialize more in actual military affairs. Closer to the edge are things like *American Survival Guide*, which recently printed a survey of worldwide terrorist activities, concluding with this call to arms: "Prepare for the worst, Now! The ring grows tighter every day. World War III has started."

Most magazine readers are, in fact, not very interested in events in El Salvador or Afghanistan. Their fears lie closer to home, in the war of survival going on in the streets. They want to know what kind of handgun to give the little woman when they leave town. In the old days, guns and ammo journals catered only to specialists—hunters, collectors, and target shooters—but soaring crime rates and attacks on the Second Amendment have turned many of them political.

In *Handgunner* readers can still find an interview with the Southwest Pistol League champion, and technical evaluations of pistols, ammunition, scopes, and holsters, but it also preaches political activism. An article on the Morton Grove handgun ban warns that without "active participation in politics," handgun owners could lose their Second Amendment rights. The Morton Grove ordinance was upheld in court, "because the law *only* banned handguns." "If the same logic were applied to the First Amendment's freedoms of speech . . . it could be argued that a town could ban newspapers—one form of media—as long as it left radio and television stations alone!"

Civilians interested in self-defense might find *Combat Handguns* helpful. Here are articles on choosing the right handgun for home defense, performing "the Roman salute" (a tricky reverse-hand draw), finding bullets that will "pound through a car door," and using your pistol in a "parking lot ambush." A picture of one of the staff writers shows him wearing a T-shirt that reads: "Gun control is being able to hit your target."

A more radical philosophy of gun ownership emerges in survivalist magazines like *Survive* or *American Survi-*

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val Guide. *Survive* describes its readership: "You are a minority: You prepare for the worst. . . . It's a constant in the back of your mind that potential danger always exists." Ridiculing the "doomies" who believe that a nuclear war would be the end, these magazines give advice on underground shelters, how to choose the best "alley-sweeper" or semi-automatic machine gun, and tactics for avoiding ambushes when "criminal bands" begin roaming the land after general social collapse. Survivalist writers are eager to share their bunker mentality with anyone who will buy their magazine, but don't expect them to share their bunker: "Noah took only members of his immediate family as passengers," observes a writer reflecting on the "moral aspects" of survival shelters. Survivalists evince an old-fashioned, even primal, commitment to family and are especially concerned with protecting their "women and children." Unlike the social and political writers who devote volumes to the disintegration of the American family, survivalists and "gun lobby" populists are prepared to defend at least their own family—and their own country.

In one sense, survivalism is an unhealthy and paranoid reaction to social disintegration. But there are degrees of sickness, and it is hard not to see more life and hope in survivalism than in those cultural elites who cannot bring themselves to consider anything worth defending—not their country, not their families, and not even themselves. What *would* the gun-control fanatics use to defend themselves in a dark alley? A cyanide capsule? cc

A PRUDENT PROGRESSIVE by Leopold Tyrmand

The longer I watch it at work, the more it seems to me that feminism, as we know it, is into the business of destinies. Destiny is an awesome and enigmatic notion, open to bottomless speculations. Before the recent feminist upsurge, a woman had to fulfill her destiny as a woman, an often utterly ungrateful task. It meant a lot of misery and sorrow among rosy promises of happiness. It meant brutal and stupid men who had been once perceived as lovable and decent; it meant humbling daily chores, desperate boredom, and all the uncounted squalors and petty violence. It meant everlasting feelings of being wronged and fantasizing about how others have it better. But somewhere, amidst this unending burden of being, it also meant unique, inimitable satisfaction of being a woman, an inebriating pride in female otherness, in motherhood, in furtive, exclusively feminine pleasures that are incomprehensible and inexplicable to anyone who is not a *woman*.

Enters feminism and says: "Woman, you're not welded to destiny, for nothing like destiny exists. History crushed obsolete beliefs of that kind, made away with lies that a serf and a squire have had separate and intransgressible fates. By now, we know we have talents and abilities which have nothing to do with gender, but which it is our destiny—our only destiny—to fulfill."

The conclusion may be correct, but the premise of the argument seems wobbly. Class destiny, as it was once conceived and believed in, and gender destiny are not the same. In fact, they are two quite different things, not at all comparable. The destiny of gender is the successful ownership of the member of another gender—not for the sake of exploitation (though there may be some dispute about that), but for the sake of fulfillment, of self-realization as a complete human being. To possess a man, a woman, or a child is the main part of some scheme that has been given to us, by some power that did not bother to consult us. No quarreling about it, no deviation from it, or no mutiny against it will help; regardless of individual apostasies or violations, the large, all-encompassing design will remain forever unchanged, oblivious to our rages and rebellions. The attempt to possess "the significant other" is what the destiny of gender is about, and—as millennia of human experience and literature have taught us—a pursuit of such property is far from being easy, and often verges on tragedy. It's here, again, where feminism comes with a facile message and announces: "Throughout millennia, you tried to be a woman, and this effort made you wretched. Now, you're perfectly entitled to, and endowed with all that's necessary, to try the destiny of man."

This proposition has gained, in two decades, some currency, and it is why, I guess, there are so many middle-aged women with frightfully empty eyes in today's America. Many of them, I presume, voted against the recommendations of the National Organization of Women, the feminist storm troop, in the last presidential election. cc

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